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JUNE

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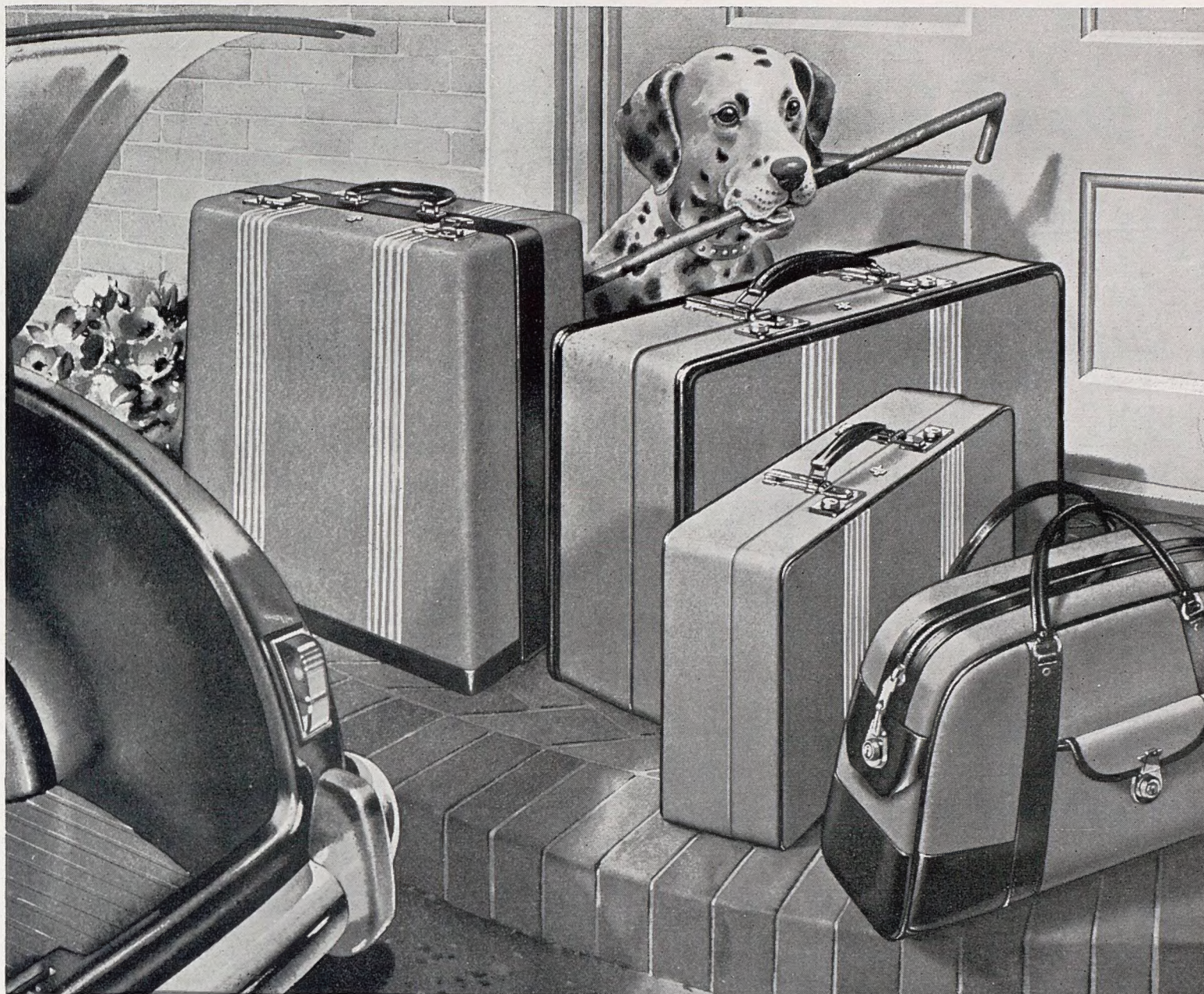
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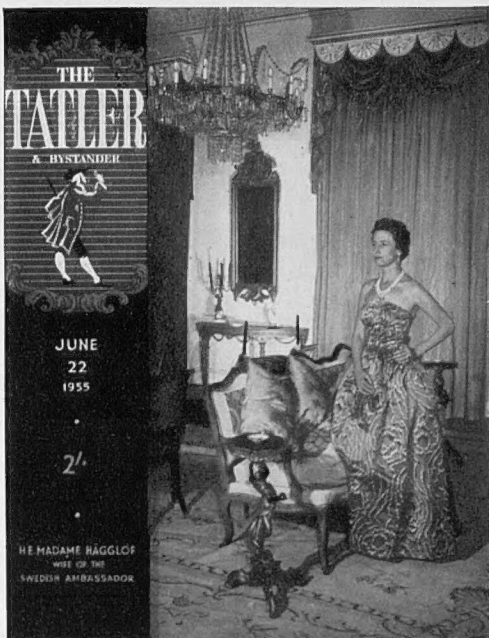
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MME. HÄGGLÖF is the beautiful Italian-born wife of the Swedish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, H.E. Gunnar Hägglöf, and is the daughter of Count Folchi-Vici of Rome. Her husband has been his country's Ambassador here since 1948. He is a graduate of Sweden's Uppsala University and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1926. Previous to his appointment in this country he was Sweden's Envoy in Moscow, and delegate to the United Nations. The Hägglöfs have one son, Axel, who is being educated in Sweden, and live in Portland Place

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 22 to June 29

June 22 (Wed.) The Queen launches the new Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Britain at Govan on the Clyde, and then with the Duke of Edinburgh embarks at Rosyth for Oslo in the Britannia. All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon (until July 2).

Mrs. John Baskervyle-Glegg, Mrs. William Pilkington and Mrs. W. L. Abel-Smith's dance for their daughters Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg, Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington and Miss Emily Abel-Smith at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Brasenose College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball. Annual Cricket Match: National Book League v. Authors, at Westminster School grounds, Vincent Square, S.W.1.

Racing at Newbury (two days) Catterick Bridge (one day).

June 23 (Thur.) Second Test match at Lord's (five days.) The Duchess of Argyll's dance for her daughter Miss Frances Sweeny, at Claridge's. "Night of a Hundred Stars" at the Palladium. Midnight performance in aid of the Actors' Orphanage.

Racing at Newcastle (three days).

June 24 (Fri.) Midsummer Day.

Ball in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research at Compton Verney, Kineton, Warwickshire (by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Lamb).

The Hon. Mrs. J. Harrison and Mrs. Anthony Burke's dance for Miss Sonia Pilkington, and for Sir Thomas Pilkington's coming-of-age, at King's Waldenbury, Hitchin.

Mrs. Cely Trevilian and Mrs. Robert Buxton's dance for their daughters, Miss Jane Cely Trevilian and Miss Victoria Buxton at Midelney Manor, Langport, Somerset.

Racing at Doncaster and Lingfield Park (two days).

June 24 (continued) Polo at Cirencester Park, Glos. (the Gloucestershire Cup) for two days.

June 25 (Sat.) Speech Day at Harrow.

The Eton and Winchester cricket match at Winchester (two days).

The Hon. Lady Barlow's dance for her son and daughter, Mr. John and Miss Jennifer Barlow, at Bradwell Manor, Sandbach, Cheshire.

Lady Fairey's dance for her daughter, Miss Jane Fairey, at Bossington House, Stockbridge, Hants.

Mrs. Clive-Ponsonby-Fane's dance for her daughter, Miss Georgina Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, at Brympton d'Evercy, Yeovil.

June 26 (Sun.) Racing: Grand Prix at Longchamp, Paris.

June 27 (Mon.) Racing at Brighton and Wolverhampton (two days).

June 28 (Tues.) The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh take up residence at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, until July 5.

Racing at Newmarket: the first July meeting (four days).

Viscountess Stonehaven and Lady Hawke's dance for their daughter, the Hon. Diana Baird and the Hon. Caroline Hawke, at 6 Stanhope Gate.

Mrs. Henry LeVay-Lawrence's dance for her son and daughter, Mr. Peter and Miss Annette LeVay-Lawrence at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Air League Ball at the Dorchester.

June 29 (Wed.) Henley Royal Regatta (four days). Cricket: Northamptonshire v. the South Africans at Northampton. The M.C.C. v. Cambridge University at Lord's.

Viscountess Dawson of Penn's dance for her granddaughters, Miss Polly Eccles and Miss Charlotte Bowater, at the Dorchester Hotel.

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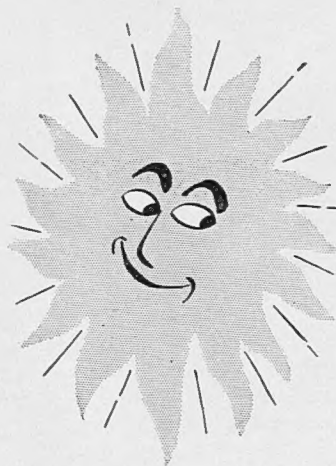
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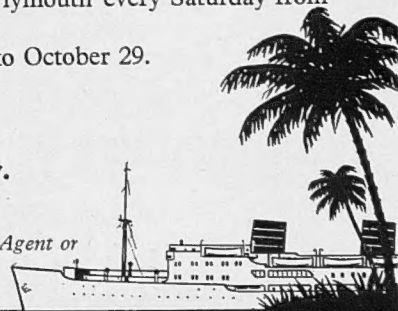
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JUNE 22
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Eric Coop

Royal christening on the Rhine

PRINCESS FRIEDRICH VON PREUSSEN with her twin son and daughter, who were christened Rupert Alexander Friedrich and Antonia Elizabeth Brigid Luise in the private chapel of the Burg Hohenzollern, near Stuttgart, together with Kyra, daughter of Prince Friedrich's sister the former Princess Cecilia, now Mrs. Clyde Harris, of Texas. Princess Friedrich is a daughter of the Earl of Iveagh



Van Hall

Sussex wedding with a Scottish flavour

IN a gown of quilted white satin and a family Brussels lace veil held in place by a family diamond tiara, Miss Vora Mackintosh, second daughter of Mr. Christopher Mackintosh and Lady Jean Zinovieff, and grand-daughter of the thirteenth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, made a lovely bride when she married Mr. John Shaw Stewart, son of the late Col. B. H. Shaw Stewart and Mrs. Shaw Stewart, at Horsham Parish Church. The reception, which was an exceptionally gay and happy one, took place in the lovely garden of Lady Jean Zinovieff's Sussex home. The several hundred guests included many members of both families, a great number of whom had come from over the Border. There were present also many ski-ing friends of the bride and her sister

Social Journal

Jennifer

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THIS year, owing to the railway strike and her wish not to burden the police with extra traffic problems, the Queen and Prince Philip drove simply in a Royal car from Buckingham Palace for the Opening of Parliament. But there was the same traditional and impressive scene inside the Chamber of the House of Lords, when Her Majesty, a youthful yet regal figure with an ermine-trimmed crimson velvet train over her long white dress embroidered in gold, and the gleaming jewelled Imperial Crown on her head, took her seat on the Throne, with Prince Philip in full dress naval uniform taking his place on a chair nearby.

IN a clear and serious voice, ringing with sincerity, the Queen read her speech, which had been handed to her by Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord High Chancellor. She referred firstly to the gravity of the strikes which were doing so much harm to our country, and went on to outline the work to be carried out by the Government in the months to come. Among those listening to her in the hushed chamber were the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, a magnificent figure in his scarlet and gold braided ceremonial uniform standing in his traditional place on the steps of the Throne ready to receive the Royal Commands, the Earl of Home carrying the Cap of Maintenance, and Lord De L'Isle and Dudley holding the Sword of State.

THE Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council, the Rt. Hon. Harry Crookshank, Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord High Chancellor were also standing close to the Throne, around which too were ranged members of Her Majesty's Household including her Mistress of the Robes, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, wearing a magnificent heirloom diamond tiara and other beautiful jewels with her pastel satin evening dress, the Countess of Leicester, Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady Alice Egerton, Woman of the Bedchamber, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Lord Steward, the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, Major-General Sir Richard Howard-Vyse, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, and the Queen's pages Mr. George Aird and the Hon. Simon Scott who carried her long train and arranged it carefully down the steps when Her Majesty was seated on the Throne.

OTHERS who had taken part in the procession and were now grouped around the Queen and Prince Philip included the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council, the Rt. Hon. Harry Crookshank, Lord Privy Seal, Sir Gerald Wollaston, Norroy and Ulster King of Arms, and Mr. A. G. B. Russell, Clarenceux King of Arms. Also the Earl of Westmorland, Lord in Waiting to Her Majesty, Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, the Earl of Onslow, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and Earl Fortescue, Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, Sir Norman Gwatkin and F/Lt. Christopher Blount, Equerries in Waiting to the Queen, Col. Sidney FitzGerald and Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Gentleman Ushers to Her Majesty, and many more members of the Household too numerous to mention. The

Heralds in their heavily embroidered gold tabards, the officers of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and of the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard all added to the brilliant scene.

WHEN the Queen had read her speech and handed it back to the Lord High Chancellor, all those who had arrived in the Royal procession, quietly and with great dignity re-formed in their order and then proceeded to leave the Chamber in the same solemn silence in which they had arrived. A few moments later Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester and other members of the Royal Family left in precedence in the same quiet manner as they had arrived in the Chamber fifteen minutes ahead of the Queen.

Nearest the Throne on the bench occupied by the Dukes sat the Duke of Gloucester. Just behind, Princess Margaret, wearing a narrow diamond bandeau on her head and a white evening dress, sat beside the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent who wore a black evening dress with a tiara and magnificent diamonds.

Behind them sat the wives of the Ambassadors at the Court of St. James's. Firstly Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, then Princess Zeid al-Hussein, wife of the Iraqi Ambassador, Mme. Hafiz Wahba, wife of the Saudi Arabian Ambassador, and Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who like Princess Zeid and Mme. Schreiber, the lovely wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, wore a diamond tiara. Their husbands, many of them wearing full Court dress and the brilliant ribbons of their Orders, sat on the opposite side of the Chamber.

DUCHESSES present included the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, the Duchess of Buccleuch to whom both Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent spoke before the arrival of the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, whose fine diamond tiara and parure was worn with a cerise satin evening dress and purple velvet stole, the Duchess of Northumberland wearing a superb tiara and indescribably beautiful jewels, and the Duchess of Argyll.

The Peers in their scarlet ermine-trimmed robes made a brilliant splash of colour on their benches facing the Throne in the centre of the Chamber, and in the back and front rows each side. Among them I saw Earl Mountbatten of



Miss Christian Haslett, a cousin of the bride, took the hand of Dhileas Hilleary, the bride's niece, followed by Miss Catherine Hinde



The Earl of Selkirk, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, with Mr. Jocelyn Stevens and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay



Lady Jean Zinovieff, the bride's mother, who is a sister of the Duke of Hamilton, with her elder daughter's husband, Mr. Ruairaidh Hilleary

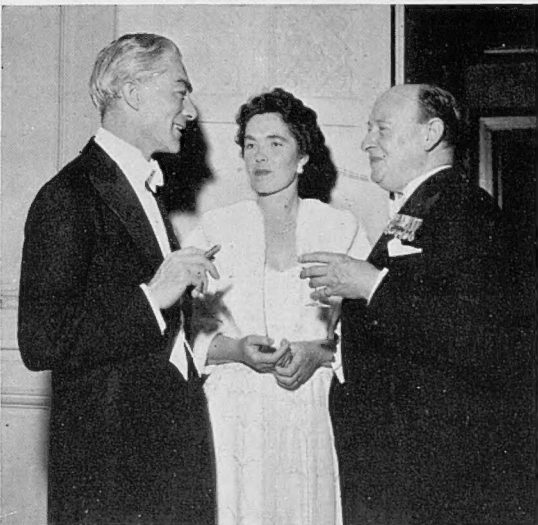
[Continued on page 672]

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS' dance band played at a most successful ball given at Claridge's in aid of the Osteopathic Association Clinic and the London College of Osteopathy. Below, the ball chairman and vice-chairman, Mrs. Murray Laing and the Hon. Mrs. J. B. Fermor-Hesketh



Above: Dr. Murray Laing and Mrs. Phyllis Murray. Below: The Hon. Ben Bathurst, Mrs. Joan Stoddard and Major Frank Lockwood, ball secretary

Above: Miss Fleur Kirwan Taylor waltzing with Mr. Peter Miles. Below: Miss Belinda Stent, Mr. Graham Laing and Miss Nichola Cayzer



Continuing The Social Journal

American visitors heard the Queen's Speech

Burma, Earl Alexander of Tunis, the Marquess of Abergavenny, Viscount Margesson, Lord Chesham, Lord Barnby, Lord Mancroft, the Marquess of Willingdon, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Earl of Derby and Lord Savile. Of peeresses there were the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Countess Mountbatten, the Countess of Bessborough, Viscountess Davidson and Lady Tweedsmuir, who are both Members of Parliament, Lady Hawke in cornflower blue with a diamond tiara, Viscountess Kemsley, Lady Cullen, Lady Kenyon, Lady Mancroft, Viscountess Alexander of Hillsborough, the Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Bearstead, who wore a truly magnificent emerald and diamond tiara with her orchid pink satin dress, and a mink stole around her shoulders, and Countess Jowitt in black and a diamond tiara sitting next to Viscountess Kilmuir.

LISTENING to the Queen's Speech from the gallery was a company including Lady Eden wearing a little white cap with her black suit, Mr. Lewis Douglas, the former U.S. Ambassador here, sitting near Mr. Robert Wagner, Mayor of New York, who was on a brief official visit to London, Lady Lascelles, Sir Alfred Bosson, who this year cancelled his Eve of the Opening of Parliament party, Mr. Jacko McLeod, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, Mr. Jack Profumo, M.P. for Stratford-on-Avon, and Miss Cochran the famous American pilot, who I was told was the only woman to fly with a load of bombs during the war.

Thanks to the kindness and co-operation of the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, who are charging the nominal rent of one peppercorn a year, the unique and magnificent collection of English costumes and articles of wear, numbering nearly a thousand, of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth century assembled by Mrs. Langley Moore, has now found a wonderful permanent home. I recently went down to Eridge Castle near Tunbridge Wells for the opening of the Museum of Costume in the west wing of the Castle. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, looking charming in a pale blue coat and dress, with a little hat of ospreys to match, performed the opening ceremony with a delightful and witty short speech.

ON her arrival she was presented with a Victorian bouquet by the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny's youngest daughter, four-year-old Lady Rose Nevill, dressed in a stiff little white broderie anglaise dress, and a straw hat of the Victorian period. Her seven-year-old brother, the Earl of Lewes, wearing a long trousered suit also of the Victorian period, and bowing low in the most dignified manner of a true courtier, presented Her Majesty, after her speech, with a pair of scissors to cut the blue ribbon tied across the doorway. The Queen Mother congratulated Mrs. Langley Moore on her very fine collection, and the splendid way in which she has arranged the costumes.

The Marchioness of Abergavenny, wearing a long silver fox stole over her grey tie silk dress, and the Marquess of Abergavenny who had both accompanied the Queen Mother through the garden of the Castle to the front of the Museum where Her Majesty performed the opening ceremony, afterwards received the guests present at the ceremony in the east wing of the Castle, where everyone enjoyed a delicious tea.

Among those present at the opening were the Marquess of Abergavenny's sister the Countess of Cottenham with the Earl of Cottenham and their three younger children, Lady Davina and Lady Gillian Pepys and their six-year-old son and heir Viscount Crowhurst.

FROM Penshurst Place Lord and Lady De L'Isle and Dudley motored over with some of their children, Lady Violet Astor who like Lady De L'Isle and Dudley is on the committee of management of the Museum was there, also Lady Shawcross, very good-looking in a cream shantung taffeta coat and large black hat, and Lady Kenneth Clark, two more members of the committee.

Sir Kenneth Clark was there, also Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Kent, and Lady Cornwallis, very chic in a brilliant printed wild silk dress, the Marchioness Camden who had motored over from nearby Baynham Abbey with her son Lord Michael Pratt, the Panamanian Ambassador and his wife (Margot Fonteyn who is one of the vice-presidents of the committee and council of the Museum and has given several lovely models made for her by famous couturiers, to the collection), Mr. James Laver, a member of the council, and Mr. Cecil Madden who brought his daughter Mardie. She is studying stage décor and costumes, so was extremely interested in the display.

This really is a magnificent effort superbly staged, and an exhibition that everyone will want to visit many times. It is to be open Tuesday to Saturday and all bank holidays until October 15. Weekdays 11 a.m.-5.30 p.m. and Sundays 2.30-5.30 p.m.

★ ★ ★

FROM Eridge I motored over to Glydebourne for the opening of the opera season, which now goes on until July 26. Here one can spend some of the most uniquely

enjoyable evenings of the whole summer. Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* was the opera chosen for the opening performance. As always at Glyndebourne it was a splendid production, under the brilliant director Dr. Carl Ebert who has now been connected with Glyndebourne for many years. Vittorio Gui was conducting and the leading rôles were sung by Sesto Bruscantini as Figaro, Elena Rizzieri as Susanna, Franco Calabrese as Count Almaviva and Sena Jurinac as the Countess. The décor, which was new and was greatly admired, had been designed by Oliver Messel.

Half the pleasure of an evening at Glyndebourne is being able to stroll around the beautiful grounds and garden of Mr. John Christie's lovely home. This year as always they were looking enchanting in the evening sunlight, though many of the flowers and shrubs were backward owing to the very cold spring and early summer. Unfortunately I was able to enjoy this beauty for only a very few minutes owing to the appallingly slow service at dinner in the theatre dining halls. It took nearly the whole hour and a half break to get a three-course dinner served.

SOMETHING really should be done to quicken the service, which has always been bad, for though many of the audience (like my guest at dinner) may be able to arrive early and stroll around the gardens, there are others like myself who could only get there as the bells were ringing for the curtain to go up, and therefore, without the opportunity of a leisurely stroll in the gardens, lost much of the enjoyment of Glyndebourne. In my brief tour of the garden I envied the wise people who had brought picnic suppers and had been enjoying them beside the sunken rock garden with its brilliant array of colour, or near the iris garden with a superb vista of the lake, glorious in its peacefulness.

Among the audience on the opening night were Mr. John Christie, the owner of Glyndebourne and originator, with his wife, the late Audrey Mildmay, of the Glyndebourne Opera Company, who had a big party with him, Mme. Pandit the High Commissioner for India, Sir Stephen and Lady Lycett Green, and their débutante daughter Livia, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour who had motored over from her Hampshire home, and Mr. Robin Howard whose parents, the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard, have a delightful home, Wapping Thorne, at nearby Steyning.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilbey who had motored down from London, Col. and Mrs. Charles Adams—he is a trustee of Glyndebourne—Miss Rona Byron who lives near Lewes and is a great patron of this Opera, Marie Löhr who watched the performance from Mr. John Christie's box, and a big party from Amberley Castle including Mr. Christopher and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet and Mme. Berger, who was over from Canada. Pictures on pages 688-9.

★ ★ ★

ON my return to London that night I went to the dance which the Countess of Dundee gave for her débutante daughter Miss Hermione Faulkner, a charming and attractive girl whose father, the late Major Douglas Faulkner of the Irish Guards, was killed in the war. This was perhaps smaller in numbers than many of the débutante balls this season, but quite as brilliant as any of them. It took place at the Dorchester where the Orchid Room was used as a ballroom, with the adjoining rooms for sitting out, and part of the grill-room for a delicious supper served after midnight.

It was a sparkling scene as not only did the

[Continued overleaf



IN BERKELEY SQUARE a company of three hundred gathered at the Lansdowne Club for the Summer Ball, which proved a wholly delightful occasion. Above: Miss Julie Vaughan-Hudson, Miss Robina Fish and Miss Georgina Higgins waiting for the reels to begin. Below: Miss Sylvia Lush, Mr. R. Cooper, Miss Jane Candler and Mr. Adrian Hartman



Lady Caroe, Miss Marguerita Waldock, Capt. Innes Watson and Miss Sheila Mark were one of the many parties of guests at the Lansdowne Club Ball

Continuing The Social Journal

Royal guests at
a débutante ball

hostess wear a magnificent tiara with her evening dress, but so did nearly all the older women guests, together with other gorgeous jewels, while the men all wore their decorations. The Duchess of Gloucester gave a dinner party for the ball and was present with the Duke of Gloucester, as were Princess Alexandra of Kent and Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. The Earl of Dundee was busy helping his wife look after their guests who included many friends from Scotland. Among these were the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, Lord Glentanar and Lady Flavia Anderson.

LADY SALISBURY-JONES, who is one of Hermione's godmothers, was there with Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, and I also met Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden—the latter's tiara was perhaps the loveliest of all—Mrs. Gordon Watson, and Mr. Giles and the Hon. Mrs. Floyd who looked enchanting wearing her diamond tiara for the first time as a young married.

There were, of course, most of the débutantes of this season at the ball. Lady Serena Lumley, very pretty in white, was among the young girls present who have made their début in the past few years. These also included Miss Sally Clive, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, the Hon. Jean Hamilton, and Lady Malvina Murray just back from America. Lord Craw-



DR. ROGER BANNISTER, the athlete, and his bride, Miss Moyra Jacobsson, who were married in Basle, Switzerland. She is the daughter of Per Jacobsson and Mrs. V. M. Jacobsson, of Basle

shaw, always the centre of a group of friends, was there, also the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Lord Colville, Mr. Paul Channon and Brig. Sir Norman Gwatkin.

★ ★ ★

THE following night Earl and Countess Cadogan, the latter wearing her exquisite tiara with her dress of black lace over blue, gave a magnificent ball at Claridge's for their débutante daughter, Lady Sarah Cadogan, who looked very sweet in a white tulle dress embroidered with mimosa, and a pale yellow slipper satin top.

She stood with her parents in front of a floodlit vase of exquisite flowers receiving the guests, who numbered nearly eight hundred.

They included the Duke of Kent, and Princess Alexandra of Kent in blue satin, whom I saw dancing with Sir Nicholas Nuttall and their cousin Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. Sarah's only brother, Viscount Chelsea, had come home from France for the ball and her next sister, sixteen-year-old Lady Daphne Cadogan, was allowed to come, also their cousin, Miss Lorna Lyle, who looked enchanting in white with a crimson sash. She makes her début next year. Miss Lyle came with her stepfather and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the latter wearing superb diamonds with her red evening dress.

OTHER members of the family I saw included Princess Joan Aly Khan talking to the Duke of Marlborough, Mrs. Gilbert Miller and the Hon. Richard Stanley; Denise Lady Ebury, who was dancing with Earl St. Aldwyn, Marie Countess Cadogan, the Duchess of Marlborough, Edith Lady Hillingdon, her son Lord Hillingdon, Lady Stanley dancing with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Lord and Lady Churston and his daughter the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller, and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles and her sisters, Mrs. Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken. In every room were superb flowers. There was a long candlelit buffet arranged in the first room which was always full, the ballroom was packed and so were the supper rooms where guests sat at small candlelit tables.

Later in the evening they were able to enjoy a most amusing cabaret given by the London Lights, all ex-Cambridge undergraduates.

The many débutantes I saw enjoying this wonderful ball were outstandingly pretty. Among them were Miss Ann Tichborne dancing with Mr. Henry Montgomerie Charrington, the Hon. Emma Tennant, who has her own coming-out dance planned for next Monday, June 27, at her father's London home, the Hon. Sandra Monson wearing one of the prettiest dresses in the room of ruched lavender chiffon, which came from Rome, Miss Verity Lawrence, Miss Penelope Hanbury,



Miss Deirdre Bickford, Mr. Jeremy Veasey, Miss Patricia Raymond and Mr. Richard Lowry walking in the picturesque courtyard

THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL was the scene of a cocktail party given by Alderman and Mrs. A. G. Clifton-Brown for their two daughters, Miss Gina and Miss Mora Clifton-Brown. This historic building in Threadneedle Street made a perfect setting for a most enjoyable party



Mrs. Paul Davie and Mr. Paul Davie, who is Remembrancer of the City, near the arms of the Merchant Taylors' Company



Miss Mora Clifton-Brown, one of the two sisters for whom the party was given, with some of her guests by the goldfish pool

Miss Jane Berry, Lady Nell Harris, the Hon. Diana Herbert, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis and Miss Penelope Knowles dancing with Count Ferdinand Galen, who both came in Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's party.

Young men dancing included the Earl of Brecknock, Lord Brooke, Mr. David Metcalf, the Earl of Bective, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Erne and Mr. Mark Cory-Wright partnering Miss Tania Holcroft.

Two young marrieds I met were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Underdown and Cdr. and Mrs. Robert de Pass. Older guests included the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the latter beautiful in a red crinoline, the Earl and Countess of Feversham—she was also in red—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Jimmy Innes, Mr. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Bea Holcroft, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, her sister Mrs. Toby Waddington in a lovely red and white printed organza dress, the Earl of Warwick, the Countess of Derby, Mr. Jim Joel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, who had given a dinner party for the ball, the Maharajah and Maharane of Jaipur, the latter beautiful in a red and gold sari, with exquisite rubies and diamonds around her neck and wrists, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, and Mr. and Mrs. Frankie More O'Ferrall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Mrs. John Dewar.

Pictures of the ball will be found on pages 682-3.



THE CHESHIRE YEOMANRY gave a very successful ball at Cholmondeley Castle, by kind permission of the Earl of Rocksavage. The Cheshire (Earl of Chester's) Yeomanry is a hussar regiment and fought with distinction in the South African and Great Wars. Above: Mr. P. J. Brocklehurst, Mrs. J. A. Dewhurst, Mrs. G. H. Grosvenor and Col. G. H. Grosvenor, D.S.O., M.C., Hon. Colonel of the Regiment

RICHMOND Royal Horse Show once again suffered from very inclement weather, which must have sadly affected the attendance. I went down on the second day when some of the children's ponies were being judged. There were big entries in each class and many very nice looking ponies. Outstanding among them was Mrs. K. V. Coates's My Pretty Maid, well ridden side saddle by eleven-year-old Miss Gay Coates, which won the strong 13.2 class and later the championship and Queen Mary Cup. Miss Jabeena Maslin, who is ten years old, rode exceptionally well and put up a splendid performance on Mrs. John Reis's Criban Biddy Bronze to win the 12.2 class. Later she was among the four young competitors selected in the final judging for the Cecil Aldin Challenge Cup for the best rider of a children's pony not exceeding 12.2, but was only placed reserve, the challenge cup being won by twelve-year-old Master Rodney Thompson, who received it from Mr. Aldin's daughter, Mrs. Ransome.

Just before luncheon Sir Nigel Colman's sixteen-year-old black stallion Black Magic of Nork, well driven by Mr. James Black, put up a splendid show to win the open class for harness horses not exceeding fifteen hands. Sir Nigel and Lady Colman were both lunching in the president's tent, where Earl Fortescue, one of the vice-presidents, presided in the absence of the president, the Earl of Athlone, whose daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, was present with her daughter Anne.

Other guests lunching here were the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Seymour Howard, and Lady Howard, the Mayor and Mayoress of Richmond, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir John Nott-Bower, with Lady Nott-Bower, Mr. Campbell Coriat, and Mr. James Smith-Maxwell and his attractive daughter Anne who had won the "small hunter" class the previous day on Mr. John Marmont's outstanding little hunter, Burrough Hills.

Photographs of the Show are on pages 680-1.



Miss Molly Chaplin and Major David Satow, of the British Horse Society, were having a glass of champagne between dances



Mrs. Ralph Midwood talking to Lord Kenyon, who is the 5th baron and lives at Gredington, near Whitchurch, in Shropshire



Mrs. J. Fishbourne, Major G. V. Churton, M.B.E., M.C., Lt.-Col. H. R. Marsh, M.B.E., C.O. the Staffordshire Yeomanry, Mrs. H. R. Marsh, Brig. P. E. Bowden-Smith, C.B.E., and Brig. J. Fishbourne, M.B.E., commanding 23 Armoured Brigade

Three generations of the Norwegian Royal Family: King Haakon, who is eighty-two, Prince Harald his grandson, and Crown Prince Olav. King Haakon married Princess Maud of England, daughter of King Edward VII, in 1896



One of Norway's famous Viking ships, the Oseberg, a longship built during the first decades of A.D. 800 and discovered in 1904. It was rowed by thirty men and also had a sail



The Royal Palace at Oslo, which is situated at the head of Oslo's main street, the Karl Johansgate, in a pleasant wooded park with magnificent views of this city of 400,000 people

THE QUEEN IN NORWAY

H.E. PER PREBEN PREBENSEN, G.C.V.O.,
Writer of this article, has been Norwegian Ambassador to Britain since 1946, and is now Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in London. He and Mme. Prebensen have done a great deal to consolidate and expand the wartime alliance between Norway and Britain

HER Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and H.R.H. Prince Philip, who are due to sail today on their official visit to Oslo from Friday to Sunday, can be sure of a most enthusiastic reception in the Norwegian capital. The ties between the British and Norwegian peoples are exceptionally close, and I am firmly convinced that nowhere outside the Commonwealth itself can Britons feel more at home than in Norway.

The bonds between the Royal families of the two nations are particularly intimate. In his long life, King Haakon VII of Norway has known no less than six generations of the Royal House of England—from Queen Victoria in whose august presence he was married in the chapel at Buckingham Palace in 1896, to young Prince Charles, at whose christening King Haakon was one of the sponsors more than half a century later.

WHEN King Haakon—he was then Prince Carl of Denmark—married Princess Maud of England, the bride's father, the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, presented the couple with a *pied-à-terre*—Appleton House, not far from Sandringham in Norfolk. It was there that their only child was born, Alexander, now Crown Prince Olav of Norway, who later attended Balliol College, Oxford. Since the war his daughter, Princess Astrid, has also studied at Oxford, at Lady Margaret Hall.

For the Norwegian Royal family and for the Norwegian nation as a whole, this year and this

month in particular hold a very special significance, for it was in June, 1905, that the Norwegian Parliament decided to dissolve the union with Sweden. Under that union, which was formed in 1814, the King of Sweden also was King of Norway, and one of the consequences of the dissolution of the union was that Norway must choose a king—or president—of its own.

The preference of the leading statesmen of Norway was for a king, and the choice fell on the young and likeable Prince Carl of Denmark. Before accepting the invitation, Prince Carl insisted that a plebiscite be held to test the wishes of the mass of the people. The plebiscite, duly held, showed that republican sentiment was very much in a minority, and that the great majority of Norwegians wanted a king.

So it was with the backing both of Parliament and people that Prince Carl became the first king of the new independent Norway.

This year, then, Norway celebrates not only fifty years of the restoration of full independence, but also the fiftieth anniversary of King Haakon VII's reign. During this time of momentous memories and joyous celebrations for all Norwegians, the visit of the young Queen of England and her Consort, Prince Philip, adds extra lustre to a brilliant year.

THE three crowded days in Oslo will, all Norwegians hope, prove memorable and rewarding for the guests from across the North Sea. A programme has been prepared which should give the Queen and the Prince the opportunity to see many facets of the

Norwegian capital. No more in Oslo than in London can the weather be guaranteed, even in June, but this month can be, and very often is, the brightest and warmest of the year. Oslo in June is a gay city, full of visitors from all parts of the world, and although the Queen's visit must necessarily be conducted within a framework of some pomp and ceremony, I am sure that the carefree atmosphere of Oslo in summertime will not fail to impress itself upon the Royal guests.

The Queen and the Prince will be staying at the Palace which stands prominently in a pleasant wooded park overlooking Karl Johan, the principal street of Oslo. From its windows there is a unique view down the whole length of Karl Johan, a thoroughfare which has been described as "the drawing-room of Oslo" because it is a favourite place to stroll on the long, light evenings of the Norwegian summer. As an old man, Norway's great playwright Henrik Ibsen used to take his constitutional there every day, and he can be seen there now, a granite figure, brooding and forbidding as ever, on a pedestal outside the National Theatre. There, in Norway's premier playhouse, a gala performance has been arranged for the Queen on Saturday evening.

IN quite a different genre is a visit the next day to Bygdøy, a suburb of Oslo where the Queen and the Prince will be able to see something of the skill and prowess of Norwegian seafarers, old and new. The two Viking ships that were discovered earlier this century and carefully restored will be inspected. These graceful vessels, that redound to the credit of both builders and sailors of a thousand years ago, are among Norway's most prized historical mementoes. For the Queen they should have particular interest because they recall a time a thousand years ago when Vikings from Norway were frequent and not, I fear, always very welcome visitors to the British Isles.

A much more recent exhibit which the Queen will also see at Bygdøy is the Kon Tiki raft on which Norwegian anthropologist Thor Heyerdahl and his friends drifted across the Pacific Ocean a few years ago.

HER Majesty will, of course, be establishing contact with the quite considerable number of her own subjects who live in Norway. Many of these are British women who married Norwegian sailors, soldiers and airmen who were based in Britain during the war. Now they are in most cases happily settled in Norway, and many of them—more than a thousand, I believe—will be at the garden party which is being held at the British Embassy. The Queen will be at the party, and is also to attend the morning service at the English Church of St. Edmund's on Sunday.

A visit to the Canadian Legation is also in the programme, and the Diplomatic Corps as a whole will have the honour of meeting the Queen and the Prince at a reception at the Palace before the banquet which King Haakon is giving on the day of arrival. Both the Queen and the King will be speaking at this banquet, and the speeches will be broadcast. The Queen will be returning the hospitality at a farewell dinner aboard H.M.Y. Britannia, and thus the three-days' official visit will come to a close.

OSLØ is a small town compared with most of the capital cities of Europe, and has a population of not much more than 400,000, but it is lively, progressive and cheerful, and undoubtedly it will give the Queen and her Consort a welcome that they will long remember.

For the Norwegian nation, the visit provides a much-desired opportunity to meet and greet a Royal couple whose charm and dignity they sincerely admire.



PRINCESS ÅSTRID OF NORWAY, daughter of Crown Prince Olav, who has studied at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, seen at her father's home at Skaugum, a beautiful manor house which is some twelve miles from Oslo

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"... You ring for a drink and nobody comes"

How childish we are about this tourist business. Britain is committed to it; we need to show off our beauties at home, as well as exporting our skill. But what an exasperating business it must be for visitors not to be able to feel relaxed and at peace—to feel, in fact, that they are on holiday.

I went to Stratford-on-Avon to see the new Sir Laurence Olivier version of *Macbeth* and (*pace* Mr. Cookman) it was magnificent.

Stratford, this Mecca of tourism, a seat of worship to greatness, resounded with cries in the streets of "Hey, Missouri! Here's New Place, y'know, Shakespeare's home" (it is not, though it stands on the same site) and "MassaCHUsetts, seen Ann Hathaway's yet?" Great American cars with bared chromium fangs slid through the small town and the pavements became sidewalks as the Americans thronged, wearing plastic covers to their hats and their boots, with their open cameras bouncing on their bellies.

In the hotels they are polite, quiet, apologizing. No brashness. In the hotels I am angry.

THE food is splendid, the service terrible. You go to the theatre and after you come back, excited by what you have seen, it is a natural instinct to want to sit up awhile, to take a glass of whisky and a ham sandwich, discussing. But you will find that the hall porter comes shuffling to a locked door (rather like the porter in *Macbeth*, grumbling) and you ring the bell for a waiter and nobody comes. You send for the manager to speak to him forcibly and a drink is produced. But no sandwiches.

At 11 p.m. it is too late. You should have ordered them before (said accusingly). My party went foraging around the lounge, scrounging an odd sandwich from plates abandoned by more cautious visitors, and so survived the night.

A friend, asking for a drink, was told he couldn't be served. They had had a row with the barman and he refused to serve any more!

He had to use invective he reserves for better occasions to make the manager "open the cellar."

OUTSIDE, the town is dead. No sound but a cat going home can be heard. While in the wistful hotel lounges visitors sit talking in whispers, for fear they disturb the staff, until they abandon hope and go to bed.

In the morning I came to breakfast at 9.35. I could have cornflakes, but nothing hot. The chef had gone out. Where had

he gone, I asked, courting in the rain? After some more argy-bargy a splendid breakfast arrived, but I had to fight for it. I saw more modest visitors eating cornflakes.

How stupid can we get in this business?

The quality of hospitality need not be so strained.

★ ★ ★

MR. JAMES THURBER, the most distinguished humorous writer now operating in the English language, is in town. It is his first visit to us since 1938.

He has come, so he says, to investigate the bloodhound situation in this country and also to do comprehensive research on the Loch Ness Monster.

Neither of these subjects is in the least funny to Mr. T., and he would be hurt if you thought he thought them so.

That has always been the foundation of his superb humour. He takes in dead seriousness such subjects as the time his uncle caught the chestnut blight in Columbus, Ohio. Once, when some fool at a cocktail party asked him why the women in his cartoons were always so ugly, he replied with dignity: "My men don't think so."

Once when he felt tired at the *New Yorker* office he tore a telephone box from its moorings, laid it on the floor in the corridor, got in and went to sleep. He considered it a sufficient explanation to say, when chided, "I was only in it for a few minutes."

THE days of such boyish gaiety are done, now, for there is no doubt that Thurber has found in his later years that the facts of life as he finds them are quite funny enough without adding to the confusion.

This occurred to him with force one day when he was seen sitting in the open dicky of a closed car with two huge



"Her life would find its emotional moments inextricably involved with mechanics"

poodles beside him. It was pouring with rain. He was holding a green umbrella over the dogs while he soaked.

Early in the journey he decided it was impossible to stop to explain to all the bystanders who were laughing at him that he was taking the dogs to a show, for which they had been elaborately groomed. The incident persuaded him not to tamper with events as they come up.

HE has, however, maintained his dignity through it all. When an impertinent person remarked to him: "Of course, Mr. Thurber, I'm sure you'll agree you are only a third-rate artist," he replied icily: "I am a fifth-rate artist."

As years go by and I reread him I find that the incomparable nonsense of his early period, telling of his boyhood days in Columbus, stales not at all, any more than Huckleberry Finn can stale.

But recently he has been exploring the realm of fantasy in books like *The White Deer*, *The Thirteen Clocks* and *Many Moons*. Although each one has the authentic ring of the fairy story there is a faint, whispering tone of antic melancholy in them, which is the hallmark of the great humorist.

★ ★ ★

THE pleasantest sight I have seen for long was a peeress wearing tiara and silver evening dress walking her white poodle along the pavement in Kensington, in the full sunlight of early afternoon.

She had been to the opening of Parliament.

★ ★ ★

CONFUSED by recent events in the steam traction world which have thrown in jeopardy such sheet anchors of the season as Ascot and its satellite house parties, my friend Deirdre the débutante has been feeling restless.

She has been amused by, though wary of, the steady attentions of the young man with the two-seater aeroplane, Herbert. He keeps calling and Mummy has already got That Look on her face.

The other evening he called driving a small Jaguar he has named The Black Pig. Deirdre insisted on taking her two corgis Cadwalladr and Mordred, but he was quite firm they should not come, so they had to tell Mummy they were going to see *Daddy Long Legs*.

Herbert drove like a runaway coach; the moon came up. Then he stopped. "You drive," he said. He offered her The Black Pig like a ransom for beauty. Deirdre understood him at once, for between *The Schoolgirls' Friend* and *Monica's Little Mistake*, her reading has included Denise Robins and Daphne du Maurier.

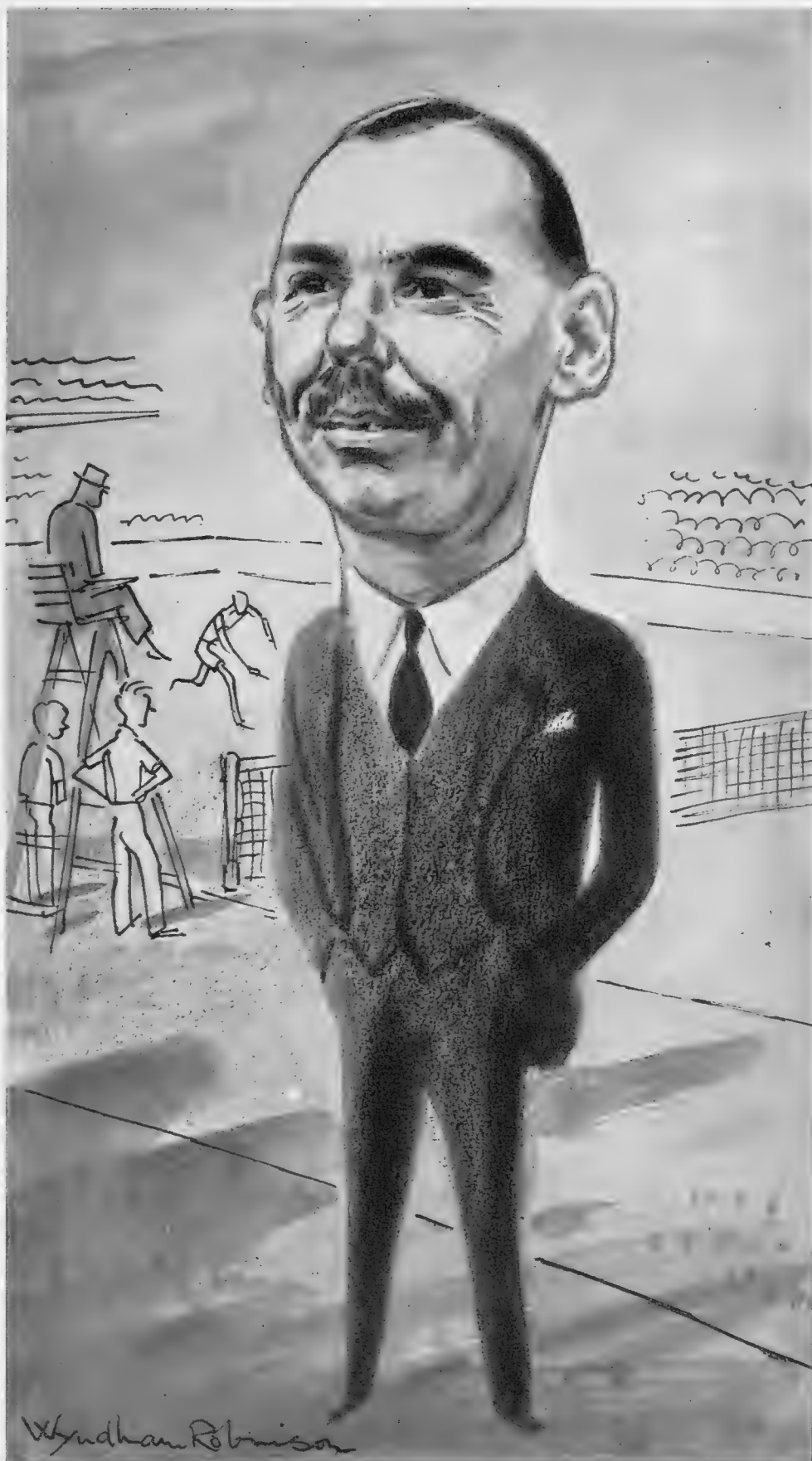
She drove The Black Pig straight into a ditch.

Herbert was quite good about it and put up with the scornful pessimism of the breakdown van experts.

★ ★ ★

A Thought for June:

"Fear no more the heat of the sun. . . ."



LT.-COL. A. D. C. MACAULAY, Secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club and Committee of Management of the Championships since 1946, is the man on whose capable and experienced shoulders falls the numerous facets of organization behind the annual Championships at Wimbledon. The enormous and many sided responsibilities of this position necessitate that arrangements for the coming championships should begin immediately after the close of those of the current year. In addition to these countless duties Col. Macaulay has as captain and manager taken the Wightman Cup team to the United States in 1949 and 1953 and attended championships all over the world as a representative of the Committee. He has some twenty-six years of the administrative side of lawn tennis behind him and before the war was Assistant Referee and Manager for the Championships. He is himself a former tournament player. Lt.-Col. Macaulay served in the Army in both wars, and between them was for several years with the Gurkha Rifles



SPECTACULAR JUMPING AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

THE 55th Richmond Royal Horse Show drew large crowds who, in spite of uncertain weather, watched entries of a very high standard, and some remarkable jumping. Left: Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell on Burrough Hills receives the trophy for the winner of the small hunters event from Miss Pat Smythe. Above: Miss Sarah Ogle on her Chusan, winner of the Richmond Challenge Cup, who beat several leading British competitors.

At the Races

ASCOT AS WAS AND IS

At the moment it looks as if this colt Phil Drake, who cannot go downstairs, may have a very easy passage on the level going in the St. Leger; because so far as can be seen we have nothing in this country of very much use. The Derby winner has shown us that he can get along on the flat better than anything we have seen out this season. However, one never knows, but at the moment I think we can say that Mme. Volterra has nothing much to fear.

BUT now we must talk about Ascot, at which our prospects do not look particularly bright. At the time when Ascot was first started by that easygoing Queen Anne, one Tregonwell Frampton was "The Keeper of the Queen's Running Horses," and he was in such high favour with the oft-disparaged monarch that he was to all intents and purposes the supreme ruler of the racing roost, practically a one-man Jockey Club.

SOME of the Queen's horses, many of them in fact, ran in Frampton's name, and on the Turf he appears to have dominated her in almost as great a degree as the eventual Duchess of Marlborough did in other walks of her life. From the portraits which have come

down to us Tregonwell Frampton looks the sort of person who would positively enjoy bossing anybody and everybody. A dour sort of man, not at all prepossessing, and history tells us he was as unpleasant as he looks. A portrait of this sportsman has been in the possession of the Rosebery family for many years and used to hang at The Durdans.

It is quite possible, though it is not so stated historically, that Tregonwell Frampton had a hand in decreeing the kind of kit in which the racing bloods and blades of those days used to disport themselves; and some of them must have looked just as unsuited to their raiment as do some of the chaps today, who will insist on wearing grey toppers! In Frampton's day, apparently, they had to wear a small black riding wig, a low cocked hat, a brilliant scarlet cloak when it rained, and they had to carry a quizzing glass and little muffs and amber-topped canes. I should not wonder if

they also carried a rouge box and a powder puff!

What good luck for them that "The Brum Boys" had not then come into existence! What a game they would have had with these artists, and I am afraid that they might have torn them to bits, for these are nothing like as gentle times as those in which these beauties existed.

Let us hope however that our prospects are not as dark as they look and that no more of our guineas will go to France. In the Gold Cup it was very difficult to name one with any chance at all of beating Elpenor—but you never know at this risky racing game!

ANYONE who has ever been to Ascot, Aintree, Hurst Park, etc., will wish to join in the many congratulations to Major Crocker Bulteel upon the title conferred upon him in the Birthday Honours. His father owned Manifesto when he won the Grand National for the second time in 1899, and he has always been very interested in racing. He was in de Havilland's at Eton and was a contemporary of, among other celebrities, Mgr. Ronnie Knox, who was a Colleger, or as Eton has it, a Tug.

In World War One, he was in the Bucks Hussars, and was in one of the few cavalry charges in recent military history, at Elmaghar.

Other celebrities who were at Eton with him included Lionel Tennyson, England's cricket captain, and many others whom I cannot remember at the moment, as it is a somewhat long time ago.

Anyway, an honour has gone to the right man.

— SABRETACHE





Left: Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh on her own horse Bliethe Spirit, which came second in the Open Class of hacks over 15 hands



Right: Mr. V. Harms-Cooke, Mrs. M. H. Tollit, Mrs. M. B. Auld and Mrs. V. R. Bishop were watching the judging of the small hunter class

Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., accompanied by Lady Colman, were on their way to watch one of the harness classes



Miss Vicki Murrell and Miss Helen Barr were checking their programme before competing in one of the jumping events



Miss Ann Abel-Smith, Miss Pru McCorquodale and Miss Anne Hopkinson were spectators at the Show on the first day



Capt. Ronnie Wallace, who is Joint Master of the Heythrop, was parading his hounds at the Show, and was accompanied by Mrs. Wallace



A BALL FOR LADY SARAH CADOGAN

THE Earl and Countess Cadogan gave a ball at Claridge's for the coming out of their debutante daughter, Lady Sarah Cadogan. The guests numbered nearly 800, and included the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Above: Lady Sarah Cadogan in her lovely white tulle ball dress embroidered with mimosa



Miss Deirdre Wingfield was sitting out with Mr. John Ackerman. The flower arrangements at this ball were particularly beautiful



Count Ferdinand Galen and Miss Sally Probart Jones. The evening included an excellent cabaret by the "London Lights" (ex-Cambridge University)

Below, left : H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was dancing with the Hon. Diana Herbert, daughter of Lord and Lady Herbert. Right : Viscount Chelsea, Earl Cadogan's son and heir, was dancing with H.R.H. Princess Alexandra



Right : The Hon. Sandra Monson, daughter of Lord Monson, and the Hon. Dominick Browne, son and heir of Lord Oranmore and Browne, dancing a mambo



Above, left : The Earl of Warwick was in conversation with his hostess, Countess Cadogan. Right : The Duke and Duchess of Bedford were dancing together. The Duchess is Countess Cadogan's sister.

Photographs by Swaebe

Princess Joan Aly Khan, who is a sister of Countess Cadogan, Mr. Peter Stirling and Mrs. Gilbert Miller were sitting in one of the supper rooms

Miss Ruth Huggins and Mr. Jack Gore were having a drink in one of the several candlelit supper rooms



Right : Mr. Henry Garnett and Lady Bridget Garnett, elder daughter of the Earl of Minto, who live near Andover, Hants.



At the Theatre

Pitiless Helen

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

GIRAUDOUX'S *La Guerre de Troie N'Aura pas Lieu*, brought to the Apollo as *Tiger at the Gates*, enters itself in the serious playgoer's engagement book as a red-lettered "must." His enjoyment of the piece will not be spoiled if he knows beforehand what not to expect.

Let him note that it is a very French play in more senses than one. The author is using his own language, a language of classic stamp, to discuss war in terms of a classical myth. French audiences are more at home in classical myth than we can ever hope to be. This particular difficulty has been fairly met, I think, by Mr. Christopher Fry.

HIS translation certainly gives the impression that he has found the play's subject-matter and argumentative method more congenial than he had previously found M. Anouilh's play about Joan of Arc; and he has given the dialogue vitality and the continuous suggestion of authenticity.

Again, the play is very French in the sense that it calls less for acting than for speaking. An oration, a negotiation, an unseen disaster—these make up almost all of the outward action, and for the rest of the time the company are talking. It is their business to make an argument or even a turn of phrase do the work of a situation.

Mr. Harold Clurman, the director, has appreciated the play's need, and he has done



NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE. Helen (Diane Cilento) and Trojan Hector (Michael Redgrave), who has been urging her return to the Greeks in order to avoid war, listen to the wisdom of that seasoned soldier Ulysses (Walter Fitzgerald), who has come from Greece to escort the reluctant Helen home

what he can with actors trained in the Shakespearian or Shavian style. He is fortunate to have Mr. Michael Redgrave in the leading and exacting part of Hector. Mr. Redgrave more or less carries the discussion on his back. Miss Leueen MacGrath, as Cassandra, Miss Catherine Lacey, as Hecuba, and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, as Ulysses, each sensibly lightens his load, but some of the other performances, though good, are good in different styles, and there are times when the inequalities are embarrassingly evident.

THERE is yet another sense in which this discussion of war reminds us that it was written by a Frenchman. Giraudoux believed in the middle 'thirties that the world was between one catastrophe and another, and his fear that French civilisation was about to be struck down by the barbarian proved only too well founded. Can mankind avoid war, he was driven to ask, or is it something sent by the gods? And his fear and disillusion were expressed by showing the Trojan war,

which Hector and the Trojan women are trying desperately to avert, precipitated by an accident as unlooked for and as decisive as the 1914 accident at Sarajevo.

HE makes his point with brilliant effect; yet to us the whole discussion seems dated. Our fear to-day is that another accident might destroy not only one civilisation but all human values. If we hope that the accident will not happen we do not share the dramatist's disillusion. If we think that the accident can happen our disillusion is of another and even darker colour.

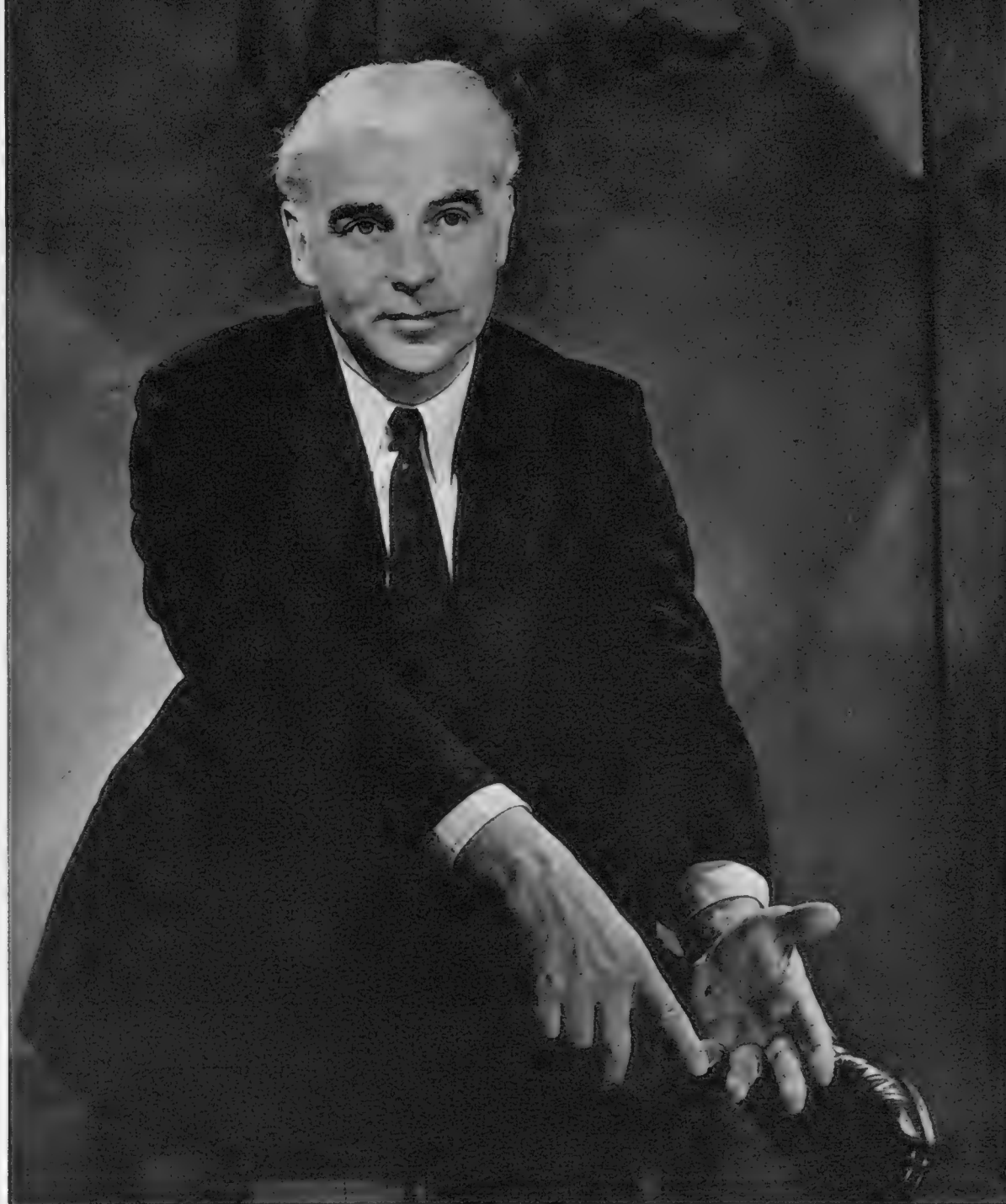
However, the dialectic of Giraudoux, whether or not it seems a little off the contemporary beam, remains a choice theatrical entertainment. The mighty Hector has returned from battle an ardent and formidable pacifist resolved that the impending new war between Greece and Troy shall not happen. Poets and kings, lovers, lawyers and mathematicians all in turn seek to ally war with virility, with nobility, with beauty, with expediency and with the sacred symmetry of things. Hector, arguing, bullying and cajoling, strives unwearyingly to win them from their fatalistic madness. He all but succeeds.

EVEN the pitiless Helen, the pretext for war, puts herself at last in his hands; Ulysses, having reminded Hector that a convivial "meeting at the summit" is always the preamble to war, unexpectedly agrees to gamble against destiny and to take Helen home; and the drunken Ajax, though minded to ravish Hector's wife, thinks better of it. But a foolish poet takes umbrage at an insult which has been safely withdrawn. Hector, thinking to stop his mouth, kills him, and the mob, hearing his dying cries, murder Ajax. The Trojan war will take place. There is nothing for Hector to do but get on with it.

WITH all the reservations I have suggested in mind, the playgoer will find this play of sharp wit, bitter reflection and sinuous argument immensely enjoyable, even though they make reservations of their own in the matter of Miss Diane Cilento's clever, but all too realistic, presentment of the heartless Helen.



AT LOGGERHEADS: Andromache (Barbara Jefford), wife to Hector, and one of Troy's most ardent advocates for peace, with Demokos (John Laurie), poet and Leader of the Senate, the State's chief warmonger, and Ajax (Christopher Rhodes), the Greek captain, whose thoughts are chiefly concerned with wine and women



Angus McBean

NEW TRIUMPH FOR THE CYMRU

MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS has now repeated the enormous success of his one-man Dickens recitals with another subject, a compatriot of genius departed in his prime. In *Dylan Thomas Growing Up*, at the Globe Theatre, Mr. Williams perfectly recalls, without makeshifts of physical disguise, an antic personality of the richest literary endowment and torrential eloquence in the cause of life. Here he is seen as Thomas recalling one by one the figures of his youthful idolatry—"Stravinsky, Greta Garbo . . ."

London Limelight

Whirlwind on way

THE old firm of Hare and Lynn is back on the road again and should reach this city in six weeks' time.

This time their vehicle, custom built, as the Americans say, is called *Three Times a Day*. It is by Vernon Sylvaine, the well-known designer of such items, and Lawrence Huntington, a film director of experience. Mr. Lynn, whose disguise will deceive nobody, is representing the profligate nephew of an aged millionaire (Lloyd Pearson), and Mr. Hare is a gentleman from the Congo who has discovered a rejuvenating panacea in those parts. In support, as is to be expected, is Miss Constance Lorne. A good time, no doubt, is in store for one and all.

Now whereas we shall all laugh as much, or very nearly, as we habitually do at this harlequinade, surely there is a case for some fresh blood? Can no English author produce a good farce for, say, Brian Reece, Michael Hordern, Newton Blick and Joan Heal, with Miss Heythorne supporting?

JOHAN CLEMENTS, who seldom puts an angelic foot wrong in the theatre, is blossoming out. He has been in the business for twenty-five years and is celebrating this event by acquiring an interest

in the Saville Theatre and by announcing what he believes to be an important discovery. This is a play by a young author called Norman King, a civil engineer practising in the Midlands, *The Shadow of Doubt*.

The story is of what might be termed the Pontecorvo problem, and so convinced is Mr. Clements that he has assembled a remarkably strong team to do it justice. It includes Patrick Barr, who should never have been left by managements to forge success in television, and Jane Baxter, our most admired gentlewoman.

A VERY short opening tour can often prove a profound blessing to the players.

In a long trial run, if the play is differently or indifferently received, first the producer, then the backer and almost all the leading actors begin to know better than the harassed author, so that at the last moment the actors find themselves in a maze of deletions and additions which would puzzle the Minotaur himself. The exception to this was Edgar Wallace, who wrote the best of his plays from the stalls during rehearsal.

—Youngman Carter



Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare in the new farce, *Three Times a Day*, which is shortly coming to the West End

Television

SPORTING LURE

REFLECTING the nation's life at such very close remove, TV can be grateful to share in the seasonal glories of summer sport. Wimbledon and the Test are both before us this week, and set-possessors must expect visits from their cricket and tennis friends, combining or competing for a place in the half-light. Neighbours not to be lured to the latest Cartier drama or archaeological quiz beg to be let in to watch Wimbledon.

Yet TV tennis makes demands on the viewer. His head and eyes need not cover so large an arc as at the court, but excitement, to tell the truth, comes through his ears. He listens tensely to the pit-pat heartbeat of the ball, which, even on the best machine, he cannot clearly see. Nor can he tell where it has landed until he hears the linesman's verdict or the umpire's fatal utterance of the score. The thrill, in fact, is due to TV's primal gift of assistance at the live event.

AMONG recent indoor games, far the best is *Gilbert Harding Finds Out*, if on Friday and thenceforth Mr. Harding and his investigators can maintain the genial urbanity and general good sense of their first showing. A drastic improvement, on the other hand, will be needed to redeem J. B. Priestley's experimental sketches, "You Know What People Are" (to-night), from lame first impressions.

TV's film programmes balance uneasily between puffing the rival up and blowing him down. But David Lean, in Monday's "Film Profile," with an excerpt from his new Katharine Hepburn film, is a foretaste all may relish.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The gramophone

LATE BUT WELCOME

AT last there is a Long Play of the current musical success *The Boy Friend*, made to an accompaniment similar to that accorded the show at Wyndham's Theatre. What a pity this potpourri of songs was not released over a year ago; surely the all-round approval given to this British musical warranted at least one L.P. to its credit, and that bang on top of the opening? (H.M.V. DLP. 1078.)

IT seems to be a long time since there were any recordings from Dennis Noble, and now, with Wilfrid Parry at the pianoforte, he presents thirteen songs under the title "p.s. Don't Forget Your Music." The songs include "The Holy City," "Glorious Devon," "Nirvana," "Off to Philadelphia," "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," "I Hear You Calling Me," and are mostly the standard ballad type so popular in the mid-Victorian drawing-room.

The idea behind this recording is sound, and if I personally am a tiny bit disappointed in the way Mr. Noble has been recorded, it is only because I know that his voice is not lifeless, as it is frequently made to sound on this recording. All the same, it should not prevent anyone from hearing and enjoying a Long Play that is different. (Argo R.G. 53.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Indignation seizes Sally and Christopher (Julie Harris and Laurence Harvey) in the film *I Am a Camera*, which opens in July.



Amateur nursing by Clive (Ron Randell) and Sally, with Christopher as a puzzled and decidedly apprehensive patient



Christopher finds that household duties in his Berlin lodging-house involve more technique than he had imagined



The entry of her benefactor Christopher in tropical kit, reflected in a mirror, reduces Sally to silent, admiring awe

At the Pictures

The warriors relax

I HAVE spent so much screen time with the U.S. Marines during the past decade—taking and re-taking with them Guadalcanal, Tarawa and the sands of Iwo Jima, with every grain of which I am grittily familiar—I trust the yawn I could not suppress at the prospect of sitting through 136 minutes of *Battle Cry* will be charitably excused as just a sign of combat fatigue.

There was no help for it. Though I had years ago been subjected to a rigorous course of training under Sergeant John Wayne, I was in for a further dose of discipline, this time to be sternly administered by Major Van Heflin and Sergeant James Whitmore. You—and I—know the type only too well: the martinet who really loves his men, the hard-boiled guy with a soft centre. It promised to be a bore—it turned out to be something of an astonishment.

Though one might reasonably expect a film entitled *Battle Cry* to be chiefly concerned with military matters, this is not the case. Soldiering takes a back seat and Sex, somewhat stickily accompanied by sentimentality, strides forward to dominate a story which could far more properly be called *Wolf Whistle* or *From Here to Paternity*.

AMONG the young Marines, Class of 1940, there's not a care that isn't caused or can't be cured by a "broad." Attractive Mr. Tab Hunter falls, with not too great a show of reluctance, into the clutches of a ripe-lipped, rapacious married woman (Miss Dorothy Malone); when the affair begins to cloy, Major Heflin thoughtfully grants him leave to return home and wed his wistfully waiting, baby-faced, burbling girl-friend (Miss Mona Freeman)—a fate worse than death, if you ask me.

Mr. John Lupton, who wears steel-rimmed spectacles to show that he's the bookish type, is inspired by a chance meeting with a bouncing blonde (Miss Anne Francis) to become a writer. He thinks she's a nice girl (I would have judged her to be about as respectable as Messalina)—so he's all broken up when he learns she has, as the synopsis coyly puts it, "a past." But, bless you, Miss Francis obligingly reforms—becoming a librarian or something equally reassuring—and it seems likely that Mr. Lupton will, after all, some day get around to writing the great American novel and making an honest woman of her.

MR. ALDO RAY, a beefy, bull-necked character who appears to suffer from chronic laryngitis (or is he merely hoarse with passion?), is a declared and, if I may say so, exceedingly coarse philanderer. He doesn't believe a man should tie himself down to one "broad"—but fate, in the pleasing shape of Miss Nancy Olson, catches up with him in New Zealand. He regards her as essentially a good girl, so, when she finds she is to have a baby, he marries her. This proves to be a far, far better thing, etc., for when he loses



Benefactor Pendleton (Fred Astaire) gives a dancing lesson to his orphan protégée (Leslie Caron) in *Daddy Long Legs*

a leg at Saipan, his one consolation is that his wife has borne him a son.

Yes, there is actually, eventually some fighting—and the battle scenes come over with their usual stunning impact. But most of the time the Marines are shown drooling over dames, weeping into their beer over faithless girl-friends, consoling themselves with the first floozie to hand, or, in broadless boredom, beating one another up in the bar-room. If I were a U.S. Marine, I think I should feel distinctly huffy about this film: dazzlingly competent as the production is, it sheds an anything but flattering light on what must surely be one of the toughest fighting services in the world.

THE gift of eternal youth has never, as far as I know, been bestowed upon anybody outside of a Rider Haggard novel—but that perpetual, graceful, early middle-age is well within mortal reach is convincingly demonstrated by Mr. Fred Astaire in *Daddy Long Legs*. As Jervis Pendleton, the rich, eccentric American bachelor who—as I scarcely need to remind you —adopts, educates and ultimately marries an orphan girl, Mr. Astaire is as elegant, resilient, witty and charming as ever he was, and does not look a day older than ever he did.

Perfectly partnered by darling little Mlle. Leslie Caron (the orphan in this latest version of the Jean Webster story is French), he still dances like a dream—is still the effortless, agile expert.

I think it a pity that Hollywood has deprived Mlle. Caron of the straight, dark hair which lent an elfin quality to her piquant face, but even with her new curly auburn coiffure she remains an enchanting personality.

OUTSTANDING in the supporting cast are Mr. Fred Clark and Miss Thelma Ritter.

Mr. Clark is a past-master of controlled testiness and the slow burn. As for that Miss Ritter—give her a chance to touch your heart-strings and she goes to work like a harpist to wring from them the last sweet, plangent sigh. The production is opulent, the songs delightful.

—**Elspeth Grant**

IT is with great sadness that readers of this column will have learned of the death of Dennis W. Clarke during the night of June 13th. His charm and courage in the face of difficulties—for he lost an arm in the Western Desert—gained and retained for him a wide affection. A meticulous craftsman, he wrote with authority upon films and had made several documentaries. Fleet Street will be the poorer now that the ink in his pen has run dry.



LADY OF THE SEQUINS. The part of Sally Bowles, a fascinating young singer in a Berlin night club of the early 1930's, is taken by Julie Harris in *I Am a Camera*, the Romulus film version of the play based on author Christopher Isherwood's adventures in the German capital during the great depression. Miss Harris, who created, with enormous success, the same role on Broadway three years ago, is to be Joan of Arc in the forthcoming U.S. production of Anouilh's *The Lark*, a role which Dorothy Tutin, the impressive Sally of the London stage version of *I Am a Camera*, is now playing at the Lyric, Hammersmith. In private life Julie Harris is Mrs. Manning Gurian, wife of a well-known theatrical manager



IT is twenty-one years since the Glyndebourne Festival first opened with *The Marriage of Figaro*. To celebrate the Festival's coming-of-age, the same opera, again produced by Carl Ebert, gave a splendid start to the 1955 season. The décor by Oliver Messel was in his richest and most inventive vein, fully emphasising the unique blend of sharp satire and human understanding for the folly and unhappiness of the characters which Mozart so perfectly caught in his music. Franco Calabrese, as the Count constantly suspecting his wife's fidelity, was most successful in suggesting the pathos rather than the fury of his jealousy, and the Countess of Sena Jurinac touchingly demonstrated the dignity of a wronged wife.

The singing of the whole cast was of the quality which has come to be expected of Glyndebourne and which, together with the invariable respect shown for the composer's intentions, has made the Festival replace Salzburg as the true home of Mozart's operas in recent years.

But when the individual perfection of a performance at Glyndebourne has been discussed, the dominant impression that remains is of the man who made it possible. John Christie, at seventy-three, is still the vital element behind the whole enterprise, and its continuance without exterior aid as the last outpost of private patronage in the arts is perhaps the greatest triumph of all.

A TRIUMPHANT COMING-OF-AGE FOR GLYNDEBOURNE



Left: Mr. John Christie, founder of the Glyndebourne Festival, chatting with Mrs. Geoffrey Hart



Right: Miss Rosemary Norrie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilbey and Mr. Giles Gilbey. Mr. Arthur Gilbey is a trustee of Glyndebourne



Left: Marie Löhr, the actress, and Mr. Van Gelder were both guests in Mr. Christie's private party



Right: Mr. and Mrs. S. Webb, with Dr. and Mrs. F. Kohn, were standing outside the window of the organ room



Left: Sena Jurinac as Countess Almaviva laments her husband's infidelity in Act II. of the opera



Right: Mr. Ben Adams, Miss Jenny Bowles, Mrs. R. Rose and Col. Charles Adams. Seated on the ground were Mrs. Charles Adams and Mr. D. Rose



Left: The famous gardens at Glyndebourne were being greatly admired by Miss Audrey James and Miss Brigid Paterson



Right: Mr. and Mrs. R. Bleichroder and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sainsbury were having a drink in the open air before the opera began

Standing By . . .

A lady M.P.'s dilemma

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN America, France, and England women politicians' faces are strikingly all alike, reports a girl gossip fresh from studying a few parade-photographs ("The same wide brow, the same steady, direct gaze, the same obstinate chin . . ."). But what about all these sweethearts at home, and off their guard?

When Blake Transom comes into the life of Myra Gathercole, a girl of precisely the same type, her wide brow puckers and flushes, as every novel-addict is aware; her steady, direct gaze falters and drops, her obstinate little chin quivers like a synthetic raspberry-jelly in a Southend thunderstorm. If Myra were an M.P. the only difference, perhaps, would be that she would be crumpling a small blue-paperbound book in one hot, convulsive little hand. Releasing her at length from his powerful arms Blake Transom would pick it up from the rug and curl a finely-cut lip. It is *Vacher's Parliamentary Handbook*, containing the names and constituencies of some 600 potential rivals.

"So this is . . . your ivory tower!" The sneer clanged plangently in Transom's voice as the girl burst into strident sobs.

"I was . . . alone. Just me. Not you. Me. Alone. Not . . . anybody. Utter solitude! By myself. Nobody. Oh, can't you *understand*?"

"Yes. I . . . understand!" Transom's eyes blazed suddenly with anger. "What is this smear of lipstick on the name of Bilberry, Sir George F. (Con., King's Burping, Beds.)?"

Crawling now at Blake Transom's feet, the girl is a spectacle of abandonment her agent and constituents would never recognise, let alone the Party Whips. Pity rather than blame her, white men, but don't be fooled by gossip-girls into taking the mask for the pan. (End message.)

Chum

GRATITUDE shone vivid, we dare presume, in the shy little eyes of those 200 whales about to be stranded in an Orkney bay the other day when a kindly local (*vide* Press) went out in a motorboat and shooed them off, just in time, into Pentland Firth.

A deep-sea chap who knows whales tells us they are the most sensitive of dumb chums, acutely conscious of that social disability they share, oddly enough, with the brooding girls in advertisements who can't think why gentlemen refuse to dance with them. Some candid friend ultimately tells these sweethearts why. Nobody tells a whale, and we'd like to think the forthcoming Hollywood production of *Moby Dick* has exploited this rather pathetic angle. "Thar she blows!" roars the lookout at the masthead, and Cap'n Ahab sees a huge white whale looking wistfully at him a couple of cables' length ahead. It is *Moby Dick*, expecting the ship to swerve violently to port and the crew to turn away with averted heads, as usual. Instead of which—*whang*. Social recognition at last.

Probably the Orkney whales were expecting their benefactor to whizz round them in disdain or mockery, shouting something about Globbo. More generous emotions

moved him, however, and gladness reigned supreme.

*O, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light!*

Lines written about an English Rose; coy, cold, rather like a whale, and equally responsive to a sudden kindly gesture.

Victim

ATTRIBUTING his fondness for jabbing knives into relatives to a lax upbringing by his Mums, a youthful citizen lately in trouble was, though he probably didn't know it, echoing the fine old Scots ballad *Edward, Edward*, in which a gentleman who has just run his reeking sword through the Pater turns on the Mater in no uncertain terms:

"And what will ye leave to your ain mother dear,

My dear son, now tell me, O;"

"The curse o' hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;

Sic counsels ye gave tae me, O."

Today there'd most likely be a cry from counsel for the defence, heralding Edward's forthcoming acquittal on the psychiatrists' evidence:

"Puir laddie, ye never were happy at schule,
Edward, Edward!" (etc.).

Discussing this modern trump-card recently with a schoolmaster, and citing at least three parlour-Reds we know who were turned into social rebels for life, like Shelley, by being kicked in the pants at school, we found him warmly sympathetic to a mass-welfare movement we suggested for tiny stinkards in every prep. establishment. This kind of approach, for example:

"You seemed in good voice this morning, Matron."

"I was singing to Cedric. He was sawing at my leg."

"The wooden one?"

"No, the other."

"Well, he seems more cheerful. See that he gets extra jam at tea."

Passed to all concerned, with a hey, derry, derry.



BRIGGS~~~~~by Graham





NEW "FOOTLIGHTS" FROLIC FOR CAMBRIDGE MAY WEEK

"**B**ETWEEN THE LINES" is the title of the new Cambridge Footlights revue, a gay and scintillating entertainment produced by the Arts Theatre, Cambridge

A scene called "Toy Warfare," with words by Maurice Holt and music by Alan Vening, from the second half of the show

Miss Jocelyn Stanley and Mr. Nicholas Raffle (Emmanuel) were looking through the second half of the programme during the interval



Miss Jocasta Innes, Mr. John Michell (Trinity) and Major Philip Gribble, whose son, David Gribble, wrote some of the lyrics for the show



Miss Jane Downs, Miss Jean Innes and Mr. Bernard Barr (Clare College). There were twenty-seven items in this entertaining programme



Mr. Rory McEwen (Trinity) and Mr. John Ticehurst (King's), both players in the show, talking to Mr. and Mrs. David Conyers



Priscilla in Paris

Timely entrance of a watchdog



MISS BEATRICE AMMIDOWN at her mother's beautiful house in the Rue d'Andigné, Paris. An American by birth, she has been educated in New York and Paris, and is looking forward to a season in the States. Her mother is now the wife of M. André Embiricos, the Greek shipowner



MME. DE LA HAYE JOUSSELIN is the daughter of Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Noailles. The Vicomtesse is a famous patron of the arts and her lovely house in the Place des Etats Unis is a meeting-place of intellectual society. Mme. de la Haye Jouselin, whose husband owns a Louis XIII. chateau in Normandy, is a noted horsewoman. They have one son, aged eight, at school in England

IT was one of the happiest week-ends I have ever spent. Yes! I know what may be thought, but I had left Paris delighted with the good news of the Elections while the bad news of the strike was yet to reach us.

I was staying with friends in a little lost oasis, still to be discovered by campers, on the western coast of France. Postal arrangements in country villages over here are always sketchy and at holiday-times become quite incredibly so. There were no newspapers and the radio was out of commission.

By the time it was working again we learned that firm measures had considerably reduced a crisis which might have produced chaos. We all marvelled anew that strikes, in whatever country they occur, invariably bring more distress to those workers in whose name they are supposed to be organised than to any other class of persons. The French element of our party became slightly reminiscent about the railroad strike that occurred over here two summers ago, but it did its best to avoid any suggestion of a well-it's-your-turn-now attitude over the matter.

British visitors returning to England a few days later planned to load their luggage on the roof of their car in order to have plenty of passenger-room going up to London. Then summer suddenly arrived overnight, and we relaxed and went native.

GOING native in France so often means overeating . . . which is an excellent thing to do, for a while, when the food is simple! Tender spring chickens from the farm up along the road; tiny, young peas cooked with lettuce, the very finest—in the tenuous sense of the word—*haricots verts*, luscious strawberries that seemed to have ripened expressly for us within the last twenty-four hours, baby cantaloupe melons and, oh! the thick, fresh cream of Brittany.

Some rather haggard-looking acquaintances came across us on their roundabout way home from Deauville. They stared at our sunburned faces and "fair round bellies with good capon lined" somewhat enviously. This was strange, since they also had enjoyed a wonderful time, having danced and

gambled in distinguished company for three almost sleepless nights. *Tout Paris* was at the Plage Fleurie and, if not *tout* London, quite a representative section of it. They had been greatly diverted by the tactful way François André discouraged ex-King Farouk's attempt to gate-crash the *Salon privé* in morning dress. They told the story with many *enjoliures*. We laughed politely, but were not really more amused than they had been.

The truth was that we wanted them to go. Feeling guilty about this, we so overdid the

speeding that we feared lest they suddenly decide to stay for dinner after all. At that moment, however, the dog of the house came careering in from the kitchen with his favourite toy—for-the-day, a denuded leg-o'-lamb bone, between his jaws. One of us cried: "*Mon Dieu, ze dogue 'as got our suppaire!*" and the Deauvillites hastily departed.



WE returned happily to the topic that

really interested us. We had all been reading Margery Allingham's *The Beckoning Lady*; had gloated and criticised and insisted on reading aloud—a quite revolting habit—some of the most enchanting descriptions of her beloved Suffolk. We had heatedly quarrelled as to who should be allowed to take it up to bed, then drew lots, and I won, which was lucky.

There is amazement as well as enchantment in *The Beckoning Lady*. An author who has created such unique types as Campion, the exquisite Lady Amanda, the ineffable Lugg and Inspector Luke might easily be content to rest on her laurels, but in this story she creates newcomers that we shall want to meet again. To read of those long, glorious summer days on the east coast of England during an all-too-short spell of fine weather on the west coast of France was a strange experience. There is such magic in Miss Allingham's story that there were moments when we wondered whether some lonely corpse was lying in the ditch that bounded our garden, and when we took the reflection of the moon in a near-by brook for the dead face of "Pinky" floating down the stream.

Il n'y a pas de quoi

● Speaking of a well-known egotist, Elvire Popesco says: "He is convinced that if he had not been born, everyone would wonder why!"



F. J. Goodman

A hostess of Europe and America

MME. IRIGOYEN is the lovely Swedish-born wife of M. Alonso Irigoyen, formerly in the diplomatic service, and Argentine Minister of Finance. She is photographed in her beautiful house in the Rue Pergolese, Paris. M. and Mme. Irigoyen also own a house in Park Avenue, New York, and in Buenos Aires. Mme. Irigoyen, voted one of the ten best-dressed women of America, here wears a Pierre Balmain black dress



Book Reviews

'TWENTIES TREASURE-HUNT

Elizabeth Bowen



THE BEST YEARS OF THEIR LIVES
by Peter de Morny (The Centaur Press; 15s.)
is a fascinating study of 29 famous women
who accomplished their greatest achievements
after the age of forty. Three illustrations
from the book are (top) Mme. de Stael; (above)
Mme. Récarnier; (below) Diane de Poitiers



RARE, some say, is the novel which does not hold some vein of autobiography.

All is grist which comes to a writer's mill, and "real" happenings may filter through into fiction. In the main, however, novelists are inventive—which for them is half the fun of their craft. The inexhaustible interest of a man's life story is, that this is the one story he did *not* invent.

Peter de Polnay is an example. His novels—original, various and lively—have created for this naturalised Hungarian a marked place in the British literary world. But he looks on autobiography as a field apart—and it may even be that this is his forte. **FOOLS OF CHOICE** (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.) could hardly be better as a book. It may, indeed, be the finest we have had from his pen—at any rate, since he gave us *Death and To-morrow*.

Fools of Choice may or may not beat *Death and To-morrow's* record as a best-seller: I shall be surprised if it does not at least approach it very closely in popularity.

HERE is the story of two youngsters setting off, in 1927, to seek their fortunes in South America. Mr. de Polnay and his brother Ivan were, respectively, twenty and seventeen. They had been reared in circumstances of extreme and sequestered luxury, in villas in the more *mondaine* quarters of Europe, compassed about by tutors, governesses and servants. Their ideas were simple, honourable and heroic. One such idea caused our author to run away—oppressed by a sense of over-prolonged childhood, he decided to bolt for the Argentine, which he had heard of. Ivan accompanied him—or rather, as their travel plans worked out, preceded him. Their beautiful sister remained in Europe; only her letters kept them in touch with home.

THE de Polnay boys, though pampered in other ways, had never been given pocket money. With economic realities they had not coped, which accounted, one may imagine, for their light-heartedness. Now, by taking ship for the Land of Promise, they became cut off from any financial base—whether, in the extremities which followed, pride restrained them from sending an S.O.S. or whether the family money had given out, Mr. de Polnay does not make completely clear. Anyway, what matter: *there* the two were! They had charm, they had wits, they had volatility (Peter, one fancies, possibly more than Ivan), and they were to develop a vast resourcefulness. They could speak six languages and could handle horses. They were by instinct drawn to luxury cars—not, perhaps, the best aid to making or selling tractors.

This book is an epic of sheer foolhardiness. To say that the Argentine of 1927 was not what the brothers had hoped is to put it

mildly. Grim, gritty and sinister was the Latin underworld, whose depths seemed likely to close over the de Polnays. Our author had envisaged a quick-made fortune—with which in hand he would buy a villa at Deauville. It was, in fact, impossible to find means of keeping body and soul together.

FRIENDS did crop up—there was the devoted Vicomte, himself living from hand to mouth. A tramp insisted on paying a train fare. And women proved warmer-hearted than they were virtuous—but honour forbade acceptance of kindly offers. The ins-and-outs and the ups-and-downs of this sleeveless errand make fascinating reading. Bold bids, not unpromising conversations, let-downs, evasions or bald rebuffs were to become the routine—it was wonderful how optimism renewed itself! The roulette system, imported to Montevideo, seemed failure-proof—but once more alas, alas! Unrewarding proved Patagonia. For a very brief time Peter de Polnay held down a job in a bank—but figures had never been his favourites, columns would *not* add up, and his hurry to get off to meet a girl for lunch led to the bank's dispensing with his services.

In company with a German piano manufacturer—who, timid and docile, held out substantial hopes—the brothers quitted the Argentine for Brazil. But Kurt Emcke was yet one more broken reed. Rio de Janeiro, for all its fame, could not long be viewed through rose-coloured spectacles. On advice (which *sounded* solid enough) the brothers headed for São Paulo. Three fateful characters, all by chance called Almeida, were to enter their lives.

The attractiveness of this story is in the telling. Not often is the naïveté of youth so truly and touchingly recaptured. *Fools of Choice* is, as a chronicle, individual—as such, its preposterous episodes come across.

NONCHALANTLY, with all the bloom of comedy, are the series of characters touched in, and one feels the lull of occasional afternoons such as this one, on a remote *fazenda*—"walking about carefully in fear of snakes, reading a Brazilian book on snakes and picking tangerines." The ideal autobiographer must have a dramatic attitude to himself. Mr. de Polnay possesses this.

I sincerely envy [he says] those who go through life unconscious of themselves and take everything as it comes along. I am cursed with being always aware of myself and my surroundings. I build a stage for myself and though no actor I am on that stage all the time. There is but one spectator: myself. My actions are impulsive, seldom calculated, yet the spectator notices every one of them.

Fools of Choice has—at least for the time being—a happy ending. A fairy-tale telegram arrived.



DENNIS PARRY's new novel, *SEA OF GLASS* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is set, also, in the late 1920's. The narrator, David Lindley, looks back upon that epoch—when, as an undergraduate, he was Mrs. Ellison's guest in Bayswater for several strange weeks of a summer vacation. Mrs. Ellison, his aunt's friend, is an invalid wrapped in dignified mystery. She is wealthy and "of the old school"—her huge old-fashioned house has, nonetheless, several unorthodox inhabitants.

Turpin, the sublimely un-sober butler, is the first to meet our (and young Lindley's) view. Nurse Fillis, given to blushing and baby-talk and, alas, decidedly oversexed, is a feature of meals at 8, Aynho Terrace. Cedric, Mrs. Ellison's elder son, a kleptomaniac, with wavy iron-grey hair, drops in often to keep an eye on things—to the delight of nobody but Nurse Fillis.

The star, however, is Varvara—Mrs. Ellison's granddaughter, straight from Doljuk, walled city of Chinese Turkestan. This large girl with tawny hair and fierce blue eyes, brandishing a curved knife and without a stitch on, is encountered by David (all unforewarned) on his very first evening at Aynho Terrace. Varvara's Doljuk outlook is little altered. This untamed *belle sauvage* it is the conventional David's task to conduct round London. His embarrassments, poor boy, are acute. And Varvara's war-to-the-death with her Uncle Cedric has an outcome over which one should draw a veil.

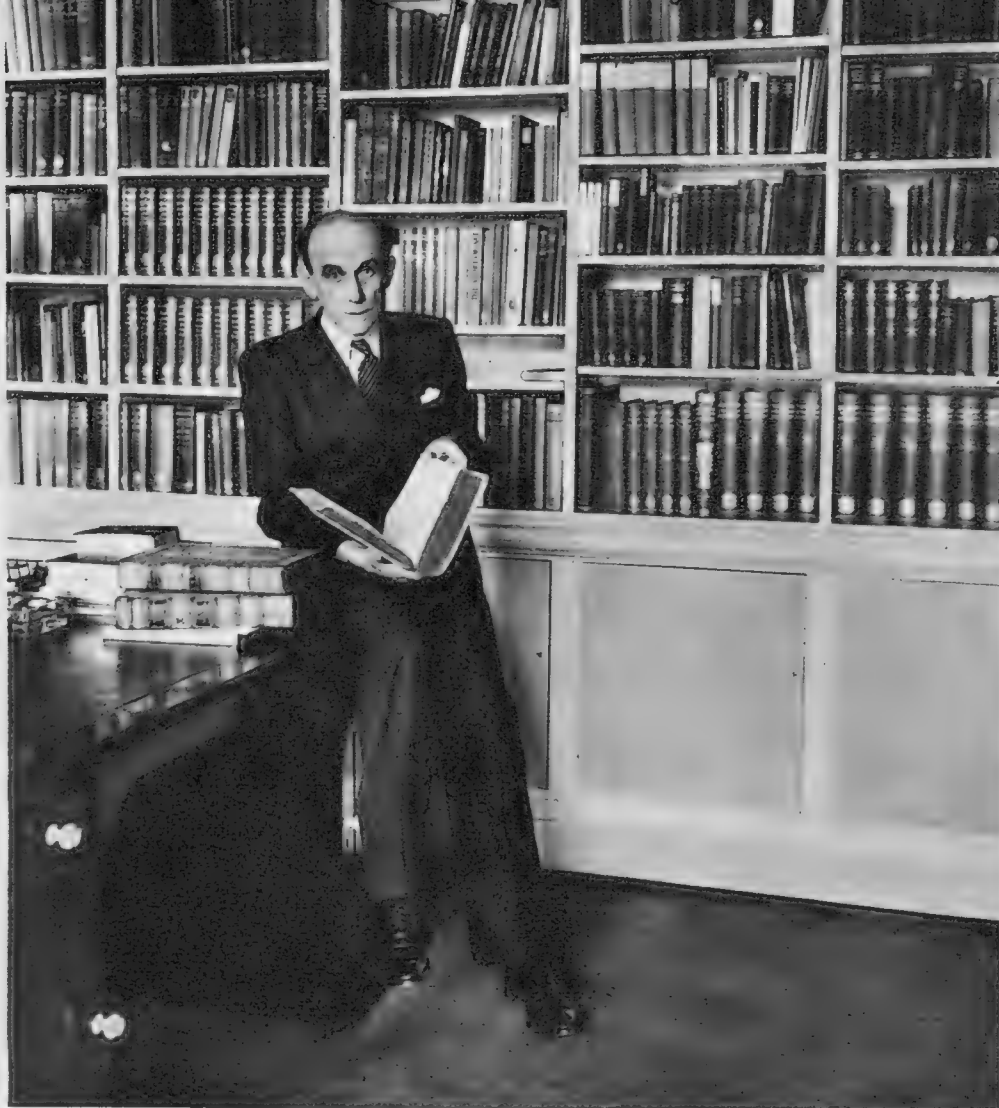
VARVARA's father, Fulk Ellison, had been a swashbuckling adventurer—more dear to his mother than the soapy Cedric. His consort (whether married or not) had been a White Russian, who died from the bites of spiders. Their offspring speaks many languages, none correctly—her high-coloured conversation, one must admit, is no less enjoyable than her other outrages. Moreover for David, as time passes, Doljuk (enlarded in the "sea of glass" formed by slopes of its mica-sparkling mountains) becomes no less a reality than Bayswater. Fulk's letters, entrusted to David by Mrs. Ellison, create a magnetic dream-world for the young man.

Mr. Parry has done brilliantly with his characters—Turpin, for one, is a masterpiece on the Dickens scale. If Varvara now and then wears the reader down, one must recall that she also wore down her house-mates. I'm not sure that 8, Aynho Terrace—establishment of the kind now forever gone—is not itself the best thing in *Sea of Glass*. Turpin's below-stairs fastness, the fatal roof-garden, the museum-like morning-room, and, above all, those innumerable clocks striking! Here is fine fruity comedy, with an exotic slant. Towards the end, just possibly, there's a falling-off?

★ ★ ★

FATAL IN MY FASHION (Crime Club, Collins; 10s. 6d.) has for scene Paris: the fastnesses of the fashion-world. Author, American Pat McGerr, and joint heroines, two American sisters. Or rather, half-sisters. Sarah-Anne, the dazzling Junoesque junior, is on the eve of fame as fashion-dictator St. Pierre's leading model. And how did Sarah-Anne, lately of Little Creek, arrive here? Entirely thanks to the machinations of "big sister"—small but steely Emily.

Half-way through the dramatic St. Pierre opening, Emily is discovered off-scene, stabbed. So, who...? This career-woman had made herself many enemies... To an extent, you'll find, *Fatal in my Fashion* is a Trilby story.



TWO OXFORD COLLEGES celebrate their 400th anniversary on Saturday. One is Trinity, of which the President, Mr. A. L. P. Norrington (above), is seen holding one of three books that were given to the college by the Founder, Sir Thomas Pope. They come from the Royal Library at Greenwich and were bound in white doeskin for Henry VIII. The second college is St. John's, where, in the Great Parlour of his lodgings, the President, Dr. A. Lane Poole, stands in front of the fireplace. The two colleges are to have joint celebrations which include a service, garden parties, fireworks and music





Blouse with a "Hamlet" touch

THE simple shirt blouse in very fine poplin at 59/6 is from Marshall & Snelgrove. The jumper removed reveals flat stitched-down pleats at the top of the skirt which give it such a smooth hipline. The material of the suit is heavy silk, dark grey patterned with white and deep ochre yellow, and it has high, rather wide revers

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans



HERE is a pretty and useful little jumper suit that would be the perfect choice for most of the innumerable daytime engagements of the London season. It costs 24½ gns. and comes from the Model Gown department of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, as does the ochre yellow fancy straw hat, which costs 5 gns.

Daytime suit for tireless use



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JUNE 22,
1955
698*



The cheetah wears beige spotted with black, the lady wears pink spotted with navy blue. This silk two-piece by Phyllis Taylor consists of a tailored jacket worn over a useful short-sleeved vee-necked dress. It comes from the Small Size Room at Debenham & Freebody

A social



Three giraffes photographed with a lady wearing a printed pure silk dress by Marcusa. Cleverly swathed and draped, this dress is washable. From Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

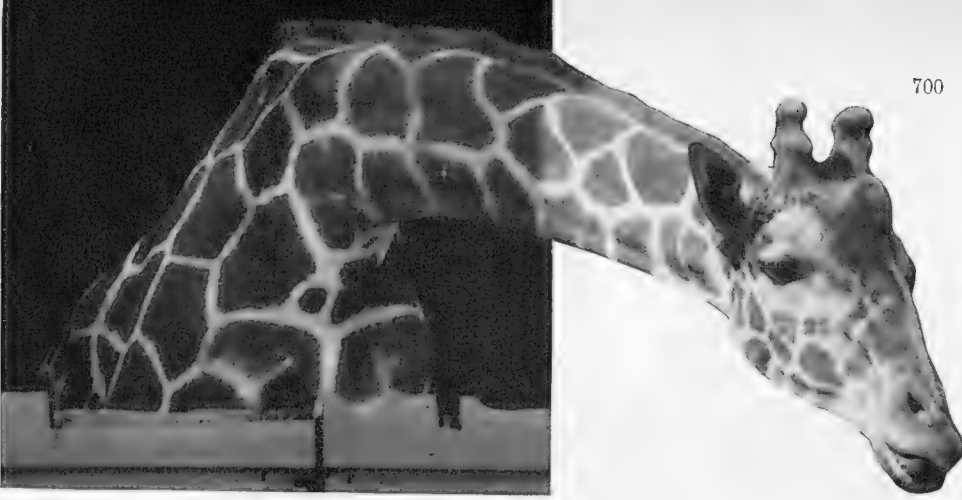
hour at

THESE photographs taken at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, show five very plain summer ensembles suitable for feeding giraffes, fondling cheetahs or, less exotically, fetching the children from school, meeting people for drinks at your husband's club, or shopping with your mother-in-law. They share in common good material, good cut and a pleasing simplicity. The hats are by Walmar

—MARIEL DEANS

the Zoo

Continued overleaf



Continuing—

Social hour at the Zoo

Bringing glamour



Lady with a Harnessed Deer. She is wearing a coffee-coloured white spotted silk dress very full in the skirt with a wide shawl collar and three-quarter sleeves. A Lady in Black design, it is sold by Bourne & Hollingsworth



The dress of the Linzi two-piece photographed without its jacket. The strapless bodice is finished with a plain blue inner bodice. Sold by Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford St.

to feeding time



The lady with the elephant wears Polly Peck's white cotton dress woven with a narrow grey and gold stripe. From Liberty's Budget Shop. Three-quarter length sleeves give it a nice touch of formality



Linzi's two-piece suit is made of white Marcella piqué printed with sprays of blue veronica. The short-sleeved jacket is belted and has two blue edged patch-pockets. The dress without jacket is shown above

Michel Molinare

The ring of fine china

BREAKFAST, luncheon, tea and dinner occasions can alike be enhanced with Tuscan China, which provides a variety of delicate designs for every meal. It can be obtained at most good stores. With the addition of distinctive cocktail sets and original cigarette boxes, the stage is set for elegant entertaining by day or by night

—JEAN CLELAND



Cigarette boxes with a difference. Cigarette "cheese warmer" £7 19s. 6d., cigarette "miniature entrée dish," £3 7s. 6d., cigarette "bacon dish" style, £9 9s., from Harvey Nichols

A breakfast set in Tuscan China christened "Peking." Price £5 16s. 2d. (approx.). This set is also available in tea and coffee ware





Here we have for luncheon (or dinner) a set in a distinctive design by Tuscan China christened "Avondale." For six persons, price £20 11s. 4d. (approx.). Tea and coffee sets are also available



Dinner set. This delightfully simple design by Tuscan China christened "Endon" features the new era shape. For six persons. Price £15 13s. 10d. (approx.). Also in tea or coffee ware

Tea set in "Maytime" design made in Tuscan famous bone china bearing a true to life motif of lily of the valley. The price is £6 19s. 6d. (approx.).



Three pieces from a Swedish cocktail set with six glasses in different colour stripes. The seven-piece set complete costs £4 11s. Liberty's have it

Coffee set with an attractive design of spring flowers christened "Charm," price £2 17s. (approx.). Dinner set also available in same design, price £15 7s. 4d. (approx.).



Beauty

POINT
of
VIEW

THE ability to see things from more than one point of view is, most of us would agree, an enlightening virtue. Yet, quite frequently, it seems to be missing when it comes to the question of personal appearance.

All too often, a woman will look straight into her mirror, take one view—the front one—and be completely oblivious to the fact that there are others; the back, and the sides. To put up a good front is not enough—that is, for other people who are walking at her side or behind her, looking her up and down, and seeing her all the way round.

As none of us—except in some of the modern pictures—have eyes at the back of our heads, we must rely on mirrors to get a really well-groomed effect. A triple mirror on the dressing table, a small hand mirror, and a full-length one somewhere in the bedroom. Quite a number of women have these, but do they make use of them? To judge by results, the answer in many cases is quite obviously "No."

HAIR is an important all-round subject. A really first-class hairdresser will, of course, study it from all points of view, making sure, before it leaves his hands, that the head looks smart, well-groomed at the back and the sides as well as the front, and from any angle from which it may be viewed. It is in the interim, between one set and another, that things begin to go wrong. Too often most of the attention goes to the front, with the result that the back gets untidy and out of shape. The picture on this page of a style done by Dumas, shows how the back of the head *should* look, soft,



shining and sleek. A little extra trouble with brush, comb and a hand mirror would achieve this, and make all the difference to over-all appearance.

ADVICE for back-of-the-head "drill," culled from various well-known hairdressers, is as follows: If there is a parting at the side, make this afresh every morning, so that it looks neat and clearly defined. Next, smooth on a little brilliantine to help the hair lie smoothly, and prevent the bushiness which sometimes occurs between sets, especially if the hair is very dry. Next, brush well in the direction of the set, and finally comb with a damp comb, and, if there are any waves, press them gently into place with the fingers.

While the gradual growth of the hair in the front may not notice much for some time, it becomes straggly at the back much more quickly. So keep an eye on this, and even if you do not want an entire cut, do not leave it too long before having the little wisps that grow at the neck re-trimmed.

Make-up is something else which has several faults. Many a complexion that looks soft and attractively blooming from the front is less attractive when seen from the side. One of the reasons for this is that rouge has been put on care-

lessly and too quickly, with the result that there is a dividing line which is infinitely unbecoming. If you look at the petal of a delicate pink rose, you will see that the colour, deeper at the centre, is softly shaded out so that it blends imperceptibly into the more faintly coloured tip. This is how rouge on the cheeks should look when viewed from the side. A little deeper on the cheek-bones, and subtly faded out and up towards the top of the ears. Here are two good tips for getting a natural and delicate effect.

IF you are using a dry rouge, blend it in as well as you can with a clean pad of cotton-wool, then brushing the outer edges up towards the ears with a little soft baby brush. Finish with a light dusting of powder over the top, and another soft brushing to take off the surplus powder, and leave a smooth surface. For a cream rouge, before applying it, put just a spot of skin food or cold cream on to the tips of the fingers so that they are very slightly greasy, and then, when you go to put the rouge on to the cheeks, you will find that it blends into the skin much more softly. Powder over it, and use the little brush as just described.

BEFORE we leave the question of make-up, do give a thought to the neck. A few people stop their powder at the chin and forget the neck altogether, but these are in the minority. Others more frequently powder the front of the neck, and forget to carry it all the way round, giving a light and dark effect which is far from attractive when seen side on. Having remembered to powder the neck, remember, too, to dust the surplus powder well off, otherwise it will come off on the coat collar, which is undesirable from any viewpoint. A wisp of matching chiffon inside the coat is a good way of doubly ensuring against this.

Have you ever noticed how arms sometimes spoil the look of an evening dress or a summer frock? Seen from the front all is well, but from the side and the back, the effect is *not* so good. Elbows frequently get roughened from various causes. Leaning on them, or the chapping from an aftermath of cold weather, or the rubbing of heavy coats, just to mention a few. Brisk rubbing with a little common salt, followed by vigorous brushing with a nail brush dipped in warm soapy water helps to refine and improve the colour of the skin, which can then be softened by further massage each night with a little lanoline.

Before going out, apply a good liquid foundation and powder over it, and the elbows will be groomed to "all round" perfection.

—Jean Cleland



Two views of a distinctive Dumas hair-style in which the hair is cut to follow the natural shape of the head. The style is based on shortish hair which is left slightly longer at the nape of the neck



There is nothing sets off a charming ensemble more impressively than a simple piece of exquisite jewellery. The necklace shown here is a lovely example of the art of the modern jeweller. We shall be happy, indeed proud, to show it to you with other specimens from our latest collection if you call at the Showrooms.

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Motoring

The racing breed

IT is not so much a question of whether racing, including both sports car events like Le Mans and Grand Prix events, are able to improve the breed of motor-cars, as whether manufacturers and the purchasing public will allow them to improve the breed. We have had already this year, in the major sporting competitions, a clear indication of the direction in which the design of certain motor-car components ought to go if we wish to improve their efficiency. In time they will assuredly go that way, but it would be better if they were to do so immediately.

My interpretation of the results we have had



Bristol 450 Sports Coupé

this year is, first, that the conventional carburettor is technically out of date and ought to be scrapped in favour of injection; second, that shutting valves by means of springs is less satisfactory than shutting them mechanically; and third, that the drum brake as part of the road wheel is out of date and ought to be scrapped in favour of an inboard brake, preferably of the disc type.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about the fact that all these improvements are found in the Mercedes cars, sports and Grand Prix, because, in spite of certain serious setbacks, these cars have proved themselves to be in the highest technical class. They might be expected, therefore, to offer a trustworthy clue as to how design is going.

MECHANICALLY operated valves might be difficult to introduce immediately in ordinary standard motor-cars; but injection is an immediate possibility. Cost is said to be against it, but as it is now included in a small ten-seat bus with twin cylinder engine of small capacity, and as that bus is economical to run and of low first cost, I cannot see more than one valid reason for delaying its introduction into private motor-cars. That one reason is production inertia. Nobody likes to make major changes in a production line. The substitution of injection for the conventional carburettor would be a major change.

Moreover there would be an interval before garages would be capable of handling main-

tenance and repairs. Cost could be kept down; maintenance and repair efficiency could be built up; there remains no reason outside production inertia for the delay in substituting injection. And if we do hold back while other countries go ahead, do not let us forget that we have had a clear indication in racing of the right course to follow.

WHATEVER we may think of the Le Mans results, devalued as the race was by an appalling tragedy, we can accept it that the work done for the event has been of great value to the British motor industry and to technical advance in general. We only have to look at Jaguar cars to see the way in which

competition at Le Mans has improved the machinery. The "D" type has a $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre engine, and this engine is the standard power unit for all Jaguar cars—a point not always remembered. The engine is a six cylinder with twin overhead camshafts.

REALLY the modifications to the Le Mans cars were confined to the lengthened and more pointed nose for improved aerodynamics, to air ducts for cooling the brakes and to cylinder-head modifications for obtaining increased power.

It is especially noteworthy, I think, that both Jaguar and Bristol should have swung a little towards the aerodynamic rear end. Both the cars have tail fins.

The precise action of these fins is exceedingly difficult to determine, for wind tunnel tests are not always a fair guide to what happens on the road. It may be, however, that one of the greatest advantages of finning is concerned with those moments which occur in all races run at present-day speeds, when the car has left the ground for a second or two and is making a leap from some road irregularity.

Quite large distances are covered by modern Grand Prix cars in this way and it is obvious that when the car is in the air it must have a certain amount of automatic stability if it is to land again still moving properly in the required direction. A considerable swing with the car in the air might lead to a disastrous landing.

We have here, therefore, a clear indication of the practical value of aerodynamic rear ends.

ON many occasions recently I have felt it necessary to criticize adversely the two motoring organizations, the A.A. and the R.A.C. I do not withdraw my criticisms, and indeed have recently suffered experiences which show that these criticisms should be amplified and sharpened. There is, however, one hopeful sign in the Royal Automobile Club. It is the appointment of a really experienced and skilled Press Officer. For some time the Club has been without one; now Mr. Patrick Gregory has been appointed to the post.

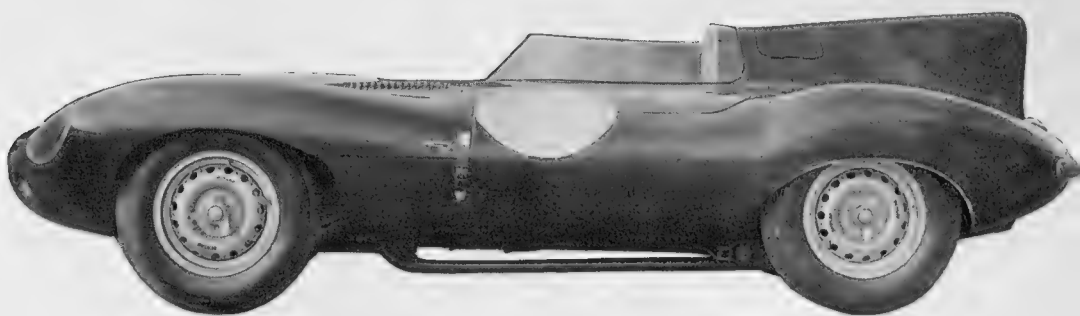
Mr. Gregory is well known to everybody who has to do with motoring and aviation coverage in the newspapers. He was for nine years with the Press Association, concerned with air and motoring news, and at race meetings everywhere the first man on the spot and the last to leave was Pat Gregory. It was fortunate for some of us that it was so, because it can happen that the big piece of news breaks late—just when the more easy-going correspondent such as myself may have left the track.

So we all have to thank Pat Gregory and to wish him the fullest success in the new appointment.

—**Oliver Stewart**



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ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Phyllida Katherine Bamfield, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. H. Bamfield, of Montford Bridge, near Shrewsbury, is engaged to Mr. Andrew Kerr Stewart-Roberts, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart-Roberts, of Offham, Lewes, Sussex



Miss Katharine Bridget Murray, daughter of the late Cdr. M. R. H. Murray, R.N., and of Mrs. E. C. L. Copner, of Liss, Hants, is to marry Lt. (S) J. C. B. (Brian) Taite, R.N., son of the late Cdr. (E) J. G. Taite, R.N., and of Mrs. J. I. M. Ashby, of Uffculme, Devon



Miss Sally Ann Pickett, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald J. Pickett, of Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7, is to marry Mr. Peter Charles Stuart Lees, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Stewart Lees, of Richmond, Surrey



Clarkson Webb—Wakefield. Major N. J. Clarkson Webb, Grenadier Guards, youngest son of Mr. W. T. Clarkson Webb, of Weymouth Street, W.1., and of the late Mrs. Gwendoline Clarkson Webb, married Miss Ruth Isabel Wakefield, youngest daughter of Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., and Lady Wakefield, of Upper Brook Street, W.1, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Mallinson—Butler Wilson. Mr. Terence Stuart Mallinson, son of Col. Sir Stuart Mallinson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Mallinson, of Woodford Green, Essex, married Miss Anne Mary Butler Wilson, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Butler Wilson, of Alderley Edge, Cheshire, at St. Mary's Church, Nether Alderley



Ogle—Severn. The marriage took place of Mr. John Humphrey Cowtan Ogle, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ogle, of Grove Hall, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, and Miss Janet Eileen Severn, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet B. Severn, of Ravenstor, Mansfield Road, Heanor, Derbyshire, at Pentrich Church, Derbyshire

THEY WERE MARRIED



Watt—Murray. The marriage took place of Mr. Neil Blundell Watt, son of Mrs. J. Watt, of Gorran Haven, St. Austell, Cornwall, and Miss Prilla Murray, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Alastair Murray, of Kelvin Court, Glasgow, Scotland and Pirmie, Aberfoyle, at Glasgow Cathedral

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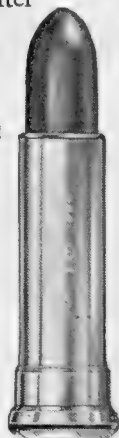
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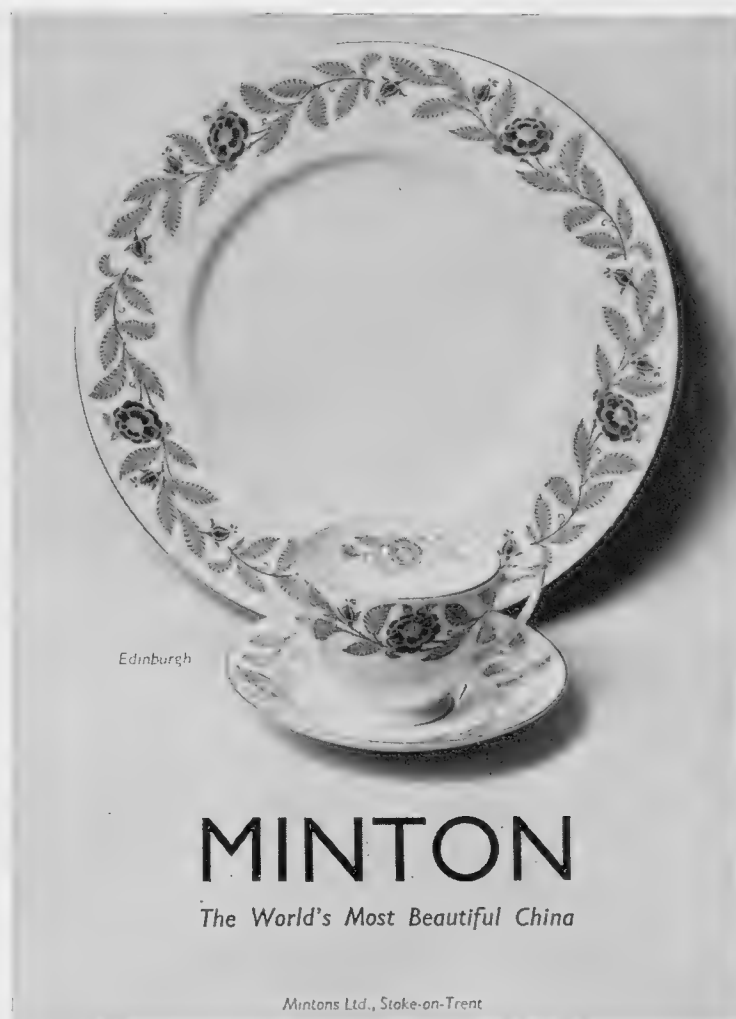


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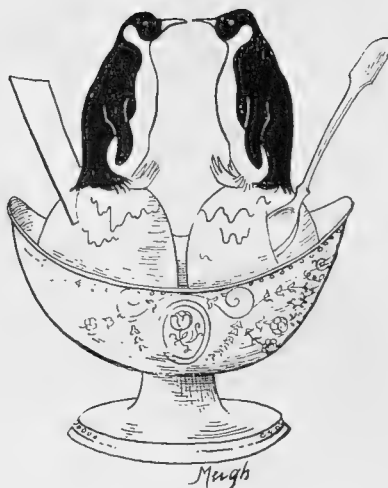
DINING IN

Knife-play from the Continent

FOR a country which produces the best beef in the world—and even the French agree on this—it is a pity that our veal, these days, is so indifferent. On the Continent it is the other way about. While the beef is inferior to ours, the veal is excellent and at present supplies of first-class quality are reaching us from Holland. But veal does require the Continental method of cutting. It is thanks to this that the enthusiastic French or Dutch home cook starts level, as it were, with the chef.

There are, of course, Continental butchers in London and other cities and some of our own butchers are cutting meat the Continental way now. Harrods are planning a special section for "Continental cuts." Even now, before the department is "officially" open, these "cuts" can be obtained.

THE big joints of the past have gone from many small households and veal offers us so many splendid little cuts which are eminently suitable for present-day meal-planning. As examples, let us take veal cutlets and escalopes. If the cutlets have been cut properly, flattened out to about half their original thickness, with their rib bones trimmed, they can be turned into Côtes de Veau Milanaise which will arrive at table beautifully flat and unwarped, provided they are cooked at the correct heat for the correct length of time. First, pass the cutlets through beaten egg, then fine breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan, half and half, pressing the coating well on to them. Fry them on both sides in hot clarified



butter or half butter and half olive oil and, if you like them, add the complement of cutlet frills.

With these cutlets, I like to serve macaroni boiled in salted water to the stage that the Italians call "al dente"—that is, where it still slightly resists the teeth—for, like rice, it should be, if anything, very, very little underdone. Drain well and add a generous piece of butter, and tomato sauce well flavoured with a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Scatter through the macaroni a mixture of grated Parmesan and Gruyère.

ESCALOPES of veal are delicious and quickly cooked. Have them beaten or beat them out to double their original expanse. Fry both sides fairly quickly in butter but without burning the pan. Season to taste. Transfer to a heated platter. For four servings, add to the pan 4 tablespoons of double cream and rub this around to

remove the residue. Add lemon juice to taste and pour the sauce over the escalopes. Or, instead of lemon juice, add a tablespoon of dry sherry to the cream, boil up and pour the mixture over the escalopes. An excellent addition to the sauce is 2 oz. tiny white mushrooms, sliced unpeeled and cooked for two minutes, covered, in a tablespoon of water, a good walnut of butter and a teaspoon of lemon juice to keep them white.

VEAL Birds are excellent when one is entertaining, because they can wait without deteriorating. For four people, get four large escalopes and place on each a thin slice of green streaky bacon which has been spread out rather thin with the back of a knife. (Half a rasher each is sufficient.) On top of each, spread an ounce of raw sausage meat. Roll up and secure with cocktail sticks or tie with cotton. Brown all over in butter or olive oil. Add a *bouquet garni*, 4 tablespoons dry white wine, a teacup water, an uncut clove of garlic, if liked, and very little pepper and salt as both the bacon and the sausage meat are well seasoned. Cover and simmer gently for an hour. Remove to a heated entrée dish. Blend together a teaspoon of arrowroot and 2 tablespoons water. Stir into the stock and boil up, when it will be clear. Taste and season further, if necessary, then strain over the "birds" and serve.

GOOSEBERRIES are with us and, at least once in the season, I make a gooseberry tart—a deep strawberry pie, too, or one containing a mixture of both fruits. Plain flour should be used for the short crust but, when I am told by a pastry-cook that his wife makes better gooseberry tarts than he does, because she uses self-raising flour or plain flour and baking-powder, let us use it, too, with lard or vegetable fat and just a small piece of butter, because butter does something for pastry which none of the other fats can. A tip for beginners: Keep the sugar away from the pastry because, when it touches it, it tends to make it soggy. A layer of gooseberries on top of the well-sugared fruit below will prevent this.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Handbook for a novice gourmet

JUST arrived by post from New York is a useful pocket-sized guide, Robert Jay Misch's *Foreign Dining Dictionary*, published by Doubleday and Co. at \$1.25, which translates a vast number of items used on the menus of France, Germany, Italy, Portugal and Spain. From it you can learn that *Pintade* is a guinea hen; that *Gedämpfte Rinderbrust* is braised beef; that *Cappelli d'Angelo* are the very thin noodles that are used in *consommé*, and so on for fifty-eight pages. It is dedicated to the girl who ordered chicken salad after day because she did not know any foreign languages and could not read the menu.

There is a chapter on the wines of the same countries with some useful information, and some quite sound advice as to what to have with what, but impressing upon people that if they prefer something quite different, for goodness' sake have it. There is nothing more idiotic than to drink some particular wine which you may not appreciate with some particular food, because you think it is the correct thing to do.

STILL chasing recent arrivals I travelled down to the New Fresh Wharf off Lower Thames Street and went on board the Bermudan cutter Lord Jim, which had been sailed from Bordeaux with a cargo of wine by its skipper, Bertrand Peyrelongue, his friend, M. Castelbajac, and two paid hands. In the manner of his ancestors he had sailed his own wines from France right up to moorings in the City of London, the wine being

from one of his family's châteaux, Calon-Segur, classified as a third growth of the Medoc and a Premier Cru of the District of Saint-Estephe.

I stayed for over an hour listening to the story of the voyage, during which they were driven off their course by storms and held up in various harbours, with the result that a considerable proportion of the wine was consumed by its crew before it reached England.

As it was early in the evening we started off with an excellent and refreshing *rosé*, which apparently retails at 8s. 6d. per bottle, La Vallon *rosé* (Hanappier).

To my surprise I met M. Peyrelongue later in the week in Church Street, Kensington, where The Vintner was holding a comprehensive tasting of wines which included Calon-Segur '49,

'52 and '53, and it was a good idea to have the owner of the château on the spot.

Also for tasting were hocks '52 and '53, wines from Alsace and Anjou '52 and '53, and the Rhône '50 and '52.

PRESENT to give advice on these wines was a considerable authority on the subject, Mr. R. M. Scott, a director of Aug. Hellmers & Sons, who have been wine shippers since 1785 and with whom Mr. Scott has been for over thirty-five years. It was interesting to note that out of sixty-three wines presented, thirty-one retailed at under 10s. a bottle and only one was over £1, a hock Guntersblumer Autenthal Spatlese 1953 at 32s.

—I. Bickerstaff



THE GOLDFISH CLUB fourth reunion dinner was held at the Criterion, Piccadilly. Officials and guests included, standing: W/Cdr. H. E. M. Watkins, A.F.C., R.A.F. (retd.), Mr. C. Locke (hon. sec.), Mr. W. G. Boorer, Mr. G. E. Wall, Mr. H. C. Friend (hon. treas.), S/Ldr. W. A. G. Goldsworthy, M.B.E. (hon. life member). Bottom Row: Mr. F. R. Stevin-Bradford (chairman), Mr. Claude Grahame-White, Mr. P. Tottle, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, G.C.B., M.V.O., R.N. (retd.), Mr. C. A. Robertsons (founder and first chairman)

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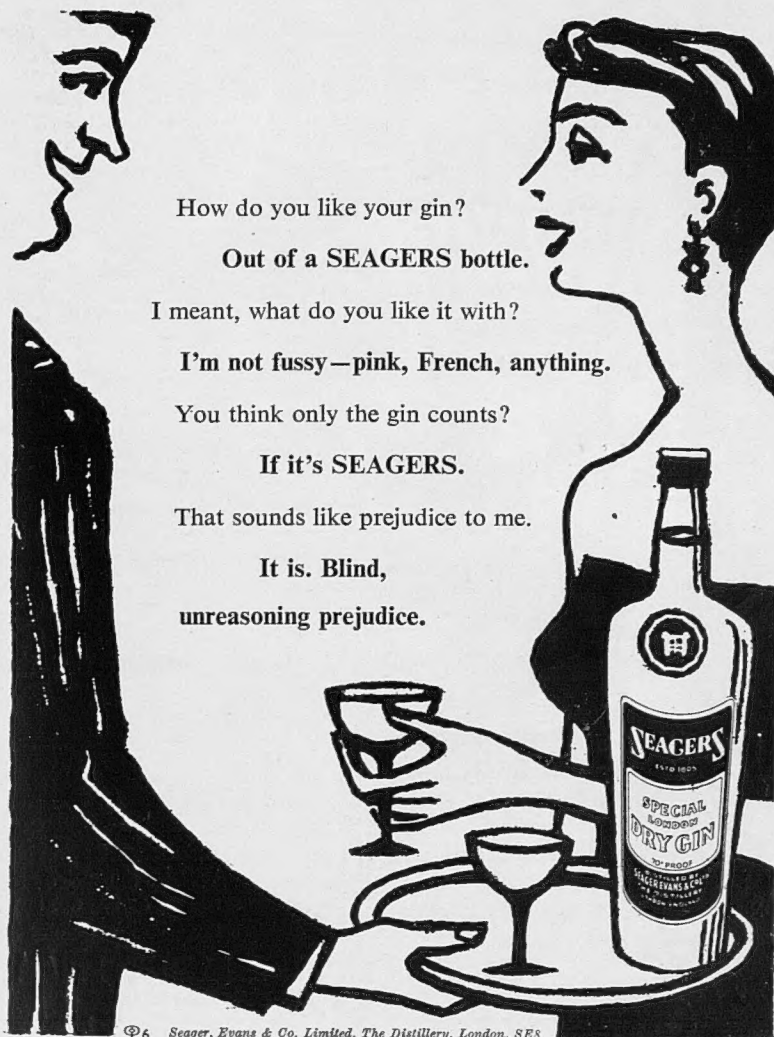


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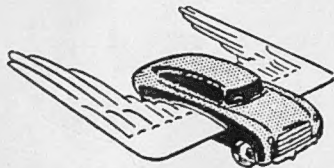
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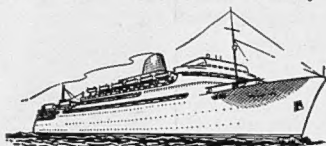


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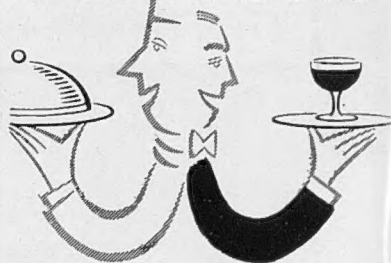
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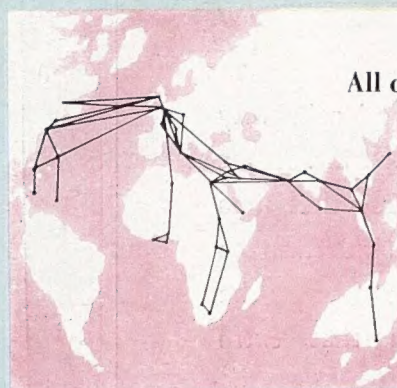
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